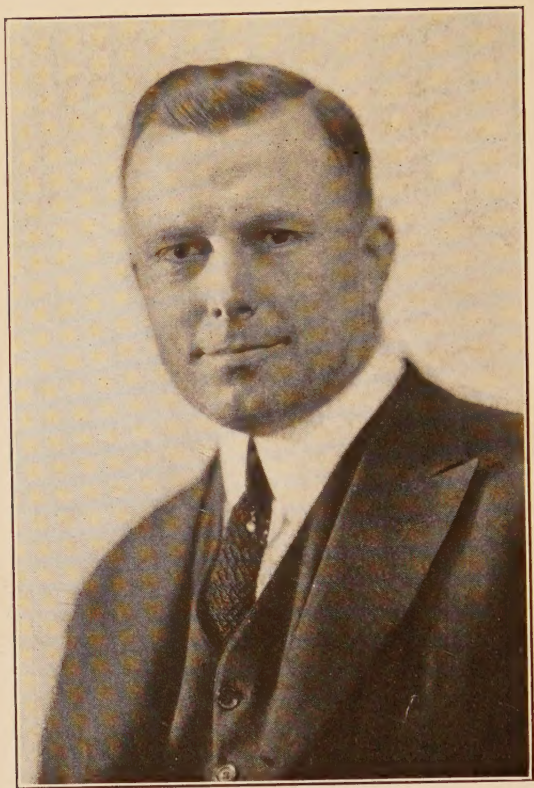


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Clyde L. Fife*

FIFE'S REVIVAL SERMONS

Volume II.

By GLYDE LEE FIFE
Union Evangelist.

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FOREWORD.

When I published Volume I of these sermons I had no idea that they would go extensively to anyone but a few friends in my meetings who most desired them. But suddenly there was a tremendous demand for them on the part of famous preachers, pastors, laymen, Sunday school teachers and all manner of Christian workers. Then orders came in reading: "I will subscribe for all you have." "Will you sell me unprinted manuscripts," and "I will buy as many as ten volumes of sermons like Vol. I, if you know where I can get them and pay cash for them." So I have set to work to bring out just as Vol. I is going into the second edition, this Vol. II to be its companion piece and counterpart. They are printed just as I spoke them with all the energy and earnestness of my soul, and if one pastor, layman or Christian worker, or a sinner far from God and the love of a living Christ, shall be led back by anything in this little Volume to the Kingdom of Christ, I shall thank God to my dying day.

Pray for me.

CLYDE LEE FIFE.

Robinson, Ill.

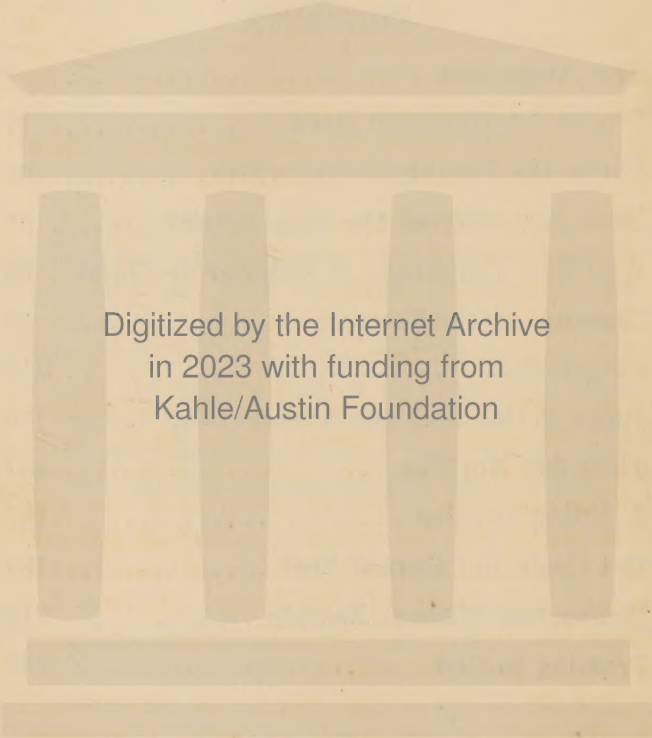
February 19, 1923.

DEDICATION.

To Mary, the beautiful wife of my bosom, and the mother of my dear little boy; the sweetness of whose life has been reflected all through my preaching, and whose tenderness has led me a little nearer to the Lord, I dedicate this volume with the hope and prayer that its contents may touch and tender the hearts of young husbands and fathers everywhere and lead them to a closer walk with God as this association has led me.

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THE ATONEMENT.

Text: *Christ died for our sins, according to the Scripture.*

The Atonement means "At one with God," in harmony, in accord, en rapport, at peace—sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

It is my purpose to discuss this sermon under five divisions which are as follows:

Theories of Atonement.

The Atonement not Figurative.

The Atonement Applied.

Reconciliation in Atonement.

Substitution in Atonement.

There are various theories of the atonement. The most prominent among these, about fourteen in number, are the vicarious, substitution, and the sacrificial. But all we know is that the whole world was lost in sin, condemned, undone, and without hope. God's child, a criminal, must die, and that Jesus left his Throne despoised the shame and endured the cross to redeem and save men from their lost estate.

"The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin, the light of the world is Jesus. I've come to that life and am now entered in. The light of the world is Jesus. Come to the light, 'tis shining so free. Come to the light, 'tis shining

for thee. Once I was blind, but now I can see. The light of the world is Jesus."

The atonement is not figurative. In the Old Testament days God dealt in types and shadows. The ark, the Shekina, the Tabernacle, the Feast and the sacrifices, all had certain and distinctive significance. In the New Testament, there are literal objects. His humiliation, His miracles and His Crucifixion are not figurative nor theoretical but literal.

The Atonement must be applied or it is of no effect. Jesus opened the way and that's all I know, but because He died, does not save you. You are not saved by His death, for that is what He did. But you are saved by your faith in Him and in the fact that he overcame death for you. Because He died gave us no license to commit all kinds of sin and depredation, and to think that because He paid the debt and opened the way, that you can give yourself to sin and the ways of the world and walk into Heaven with clean white hands is a fallacy. It will never be.

In the Illinois Trust & Savings Bank of Chicago, I am informed, that there is an estate of over three million dollars left in trust for an heir who has never claimed it. They don't know whether he is crazy, or a wanderer, is in some insane asylum, is a criminal, a fugitive from justice, whether he is on the land or on the sea, or whether he's dead. So the estate lies right there. It compounds interest, and then interest on oth-

er interest. It takes money to make money and it is easy to understand how that they would not turn this over to any but the right party. Not in a thousand years will that estate ever be turned over until some man can prove that he is the rightful heir, and has the moral courage to walk up and claim it. As it is, it does nobody any good, and the bank is only paid for its responsibility in the matter, as executor with bond.

So, claiming the atonement is the only possible way to gather the blessing. It is the blood of Christ that cleanses but nothing cleanses unless it is applied. It is salvation that brings peace. But there is no peace out of Christ. Godliness with contentment is great gain, and no sinner was ever happy nor contented, and so long as men remain in sin, they are lost and without hope and the atonement of Christ through His sufferings and death does no one any good unless he will claim it.

There is reconciliation only in the atonement. The devil and his works have entered to cause you to break faith with God. In your sin, you have severed all relations with the loving Christ. A state of war has been declared. Only penitent faith and contrition can re-establish you in His favor.

In 1865 at the close of the Civil War, a prosperous farmer in old Kentucky sent his only son to Louisville with a wagon train loaded with wheat, meat and farm products. When he got

the money he was inveigled into a gambling den and picked clean as a goose. In his desperation, he sold the teams and tried to win back the money. When he lost all, he started for the great West. On and on he drifted, and never stopped until he reached the Golden Gate. His old father hired detectives, traced his son from city to city until he found him. He asked the young man to come home and be forgiven but the young man said, "What will the people think? I can never go back and face the shame of it all." But his father said, "Son, your old mother has her face forever toward the town and is fading more and more. Come home and we'll give you the old white house on the hill. You are our only son and heir to all we have. Come home and be forgiven." All their quarrels of other days over differences in the management of the place were settled, reconciled and forgiven. So God follows on with His Holy Spirit to win us back. He is our Father, He loves us, His joy will never be complete until the last of His children has returned to the Father's house.

I feel sorry for a young boy in his teens who knows more than his father and all his grandfathers. He feels that he is oppressed, that his daddy is an old fogey, and a fool for the want of modern sense. One of these young fellows had a free for all fight with his father, cursed the family out, threw a few doll rags into an old suitcase and left the place in a rage. As he

went his father said, "Son, wait just a minute." As the boy stopped, the father took out of his pocketbook all the money he had, a ten dollar bill, and said, "My dear boy, I am sorry that you feel as you do towards your father, and as you're leaving the old home, you go with my forgiveness and our love. But son, the world is cold, and when you are far away, you might get hungry and cold, and be alone, and no man would give unto you. So take this ten dollars, for you might need it." "Father, if you love me like that, I'll never go away from you and if you'll forgive me, I'll never do this way any more so long as I live," and he returned to the father's house, and his father forgave him. That was reconciliation. So men had quarrelled with Christ. They went away into sin and Jesus Christ brought them back through His reconciliation and his wonderful love.

Alec McKeever's father died when he was a little boy. Alec was the oldest boy. His poor old mother struggled as only a widow can to support her children that she loved with a deathless love, like that love with which she had loved their father. She washed and scrubbed, sewed and cooked and did everything to feed the little hungry mouths. One day she said, "Alec, go and bring me a basket of dry chips, my fire is going out." He told his mother that he'd never do it. Then she said, "Go and cut me a switch." He cut down a young plum tree, with all the

roughness on it that a plum bush ever had, but when he brought it to his mother, he said that she had gone out to the plum thicket where she had an altar near the house, where she took all her troubles when her heart was too heavy to bear them longer. In a little while he saw her coming from the plum thicket singing, "Is not this the land of Beulah? Is not this the land of life?" She came in and threw her arms around him and said, "Oh my dear boy. You're the living image of your dear daddy and I've worked my hands off to support you and the little children, and you look so like your father. Alec, I love you and you just break my heart. When you do me this way, it makes the days so long, so dark and so dreary, and I wish that you would be a good boy and help me bear my burden as a widowed mother who has no one to love or to care any more." Alec said that broke his heart and changed his life and that since that time he had never done anything to give his mother's heart any added grief or lonely sorrow.

Oh friend, did you ever try that on your boy? And what are you doing to establish an altar and a means of reconciliation in times of difference?

Listen to me. The strongest power that my daddy ever held over me and the best influence that my mother ever had over her children was not due to their ability to beat upon us kids, but was due to the respect that we had for their virtue, honor, integrity and Christian fortitude.

We believed in their personal goodness, that they were useful, sincere souls who loved us with a love past all finding out.

Christ took our place in the great war against sin. He took my place and your place. Down in my native Southland, when "Marsa Lincum" sent out the call for the second draft, there was a young farmer who was bidding his wife and six little children a heartrending farewell. He had a gun and a bundle on his shoulder, and his poor wife threw her arms around his neck and kissed her husband and cried. And the little children hung on their daddy and begged him not to go, but he said that duty called him and he felt that the Union should be preserved though his brothers had given their lives to the cause they loved so dearly, that of the Southern Confederacy. A young man who worked for him on the farm came up and said, "John, you stay here and take care of your wife and these little children. I have no such care as that, and I will gladly go in your place." John didn't want him to go, but after two days of solicitation, he consented. He fell at Antietam, and laid for awhile in a grave marked only by a board on which was scrawled his name. Now John and his children to this day charter a private car and go to where this man is buried, and though he is an old man, and soon will have to pass over, he carries his family there every year on Decoration Day, tells again the story, each puts a wreath of inter-

twined roses on this little mound, and they read together the inscription on his monument, which is this,

Sacred to the memory of Henry Lee,

He took my place, he died for me.

Christ's blood ransomed us. In Chicago a noted physician phoned his wife, who had been a trained nurse, to hurry to the hospital and bring him some things that he needed. On the way her car was overturned by a passenger train, and she was horribly hurt. They rushed her to the hospital, where she had almost bled to death before she got there. The surgeon said, "Somebody will have to give her some blood." "Slit my wrist and take mine," said the husband. He gave until the roses returned to her cheeks, and against the advice of the surgeon, he gave some more. When they took the tubes off, he fainted. His heart died off in a wave, and he was numbered among the dead. He saved his wife, and his unborn son, who now bears his name in all honor. But he gave his life to do it, and that is what my Savior did.

Jesus took our place as a sacrifice for the church. Go with me to the valley church, a little Presbyterian house of worship up the valley out of Pittsburgh. Faithful people from the countryside have worshipped there for over forty years. A quaint old character, little known and much misunderstood, was the janitor. He lived in a little log house nearby the church, set out

flowers, landscape, kept the lawn mowed and everything immaculately clean. He petitioned for membership, but a young member of the session arose and said, "Don't you dare to let that man into this church. He served a term in the Western Pennsylvania Penitentiary, and he's a jail bird." Then the young man named Young, sat down. A hush like death fell on the audience, but they didn't take in Uncle Ezra that day. Next Sunday they missed the old man, the bell hadn't been rung and the fire wasn't started. Some little boys came back from his house and said he was up there on the floor. When the time came for the funeral Mr. Young objected to having it in the church, but they finally agreed to hold the service on the front walk and the front steps. The preacher put on his robe and perfunctorily read a short scripture and said, "You all know the life that this man has led, and whatever may have been his faults or virtues, he is now in the hands of the Almighty, but he has asked that we read what is in this envelope at his funeral. He prepared this with his own hands before his death. He opened and read the following to the large crowd assembled: "I, Ezra Nehemiah Hobson, being in full possession of my mental powers, do hereby and hereon will, bequeath and give forever, five thousand dollars, cash to finish paying the debt of this church. Five thousand to the minister in charge. Fifty thousand dollars to foreign missions, fifty thou-

sand dollars to home, missions, one hundred thousand dollars for evangelistic work that the gospel may be preached and souls saved. All of this money I now declare is on deposit under my name in the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh, Pa., having accrued from my oil royalties since the finishing of the term that I served when I took the shame and bore the guilt of the father of the man, Mr. Young by name, who refused me entrance into the membership of this church." "We are mistaken," said the preacher, "let us arise and go into the church and complete the service."

So Jesus Christ bore our shame and gave us His estate though unworthy we have been.

Do you believe that Christ died to open the way for you? Have you been born again? Is your full trust in God? Have you obeyed His commands? His blood is in His body. Will you come into His body today and be cleansed from all sin?

PRAYER—A UNIVERSAL NEED

Text: *"In nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."*
—Phil. 4:6.

Prayer is addressing supplication to God with thanksgiving. It is thanking him for what we have and asking a continuation of his blessings.

There is an awful difference between praying and saying prayers. Jesus taught this in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, and showed that the Pharisee who thought his prayer would be heard because it was long, failed in his purpose, while the poor Publican, feeling himself a sinner and unworthy to even look God in the face, succeeded. The Publican's heart was in his prayer, but the Pharisee will always fail through his formality and lack of heart power.

There are a lot of men today who are like an old fellow down in my boyhood country who would trade horses all day and skin a flea for his hide. At night he would come in and as he would take off his coat he would say, "Our Father who art in Heaven," and he would pull a boot and say, "Thy kingdom come," and another boot and say, "Thy will be done" and by the time he had finished the Lord's Prayer, he would blow out the light and into the bed he would go. Do you think God

hears prayer of a man who hasn't respect enough for his praying to even take time to pray, and that at the close of the day?

But I heard of another man who did not do that well. He bought a copy of the Lord's Prayer at a Young People's Meeting, took it home and hung it up on the wall back of his bed. When he would come in at night after another day of sin, he would undress and just before the light went out, he would wave over one hand to that Lord's Prayer and say, "Lord, them's my sentiments," and into the bed he would go. The need of the world today is for men to "take time to be holy, speak oft with the Lord, make friends with God's children, and abide in his word. By looking to Jesus like him thou shalt be. Thy friends in thy conduct his likeness shall see."

CPray more. Kick less. The hardest kickers are the poorest payers and the poorest prayers. It makes me sick to see some of these old brethren and sisters who used to live out here in the country in a log house or in a sod house and never had a carpet on the floor and raised a family of six to fifteen children, now moved up to town to put on airs and all take dancing lessons and try to butt into society. Some men used to have families, children to love them, and wives that spent a little time at home, and they gathered their families around the family altar every night while Pa read from the family Bible and all bowed down in prayer, and now what a difference. The old

folks are butting their brains out to make some more money while the young folks are hog wild trying to spend it. No time for God, no time for Jesus Christ, no time for the Bible, and "No room in the Inn for Jesus."

All some people think about any more is to gad the streets, run to the resort and trot the globe. Down to Palm Beach in the winter. Up to Mackinac Island in the summer. Over to Coney Island. Out to Coronado Beach. Run, run, run, trot, trot, trot, trot, trot trot. Pa stays at home alone because he can't get away, eats a hot dog down at some grease joint until some neighbor woman, who maybe is an old sweetheart of his, takes pity on him and hands him a pan of hot biscuits every day over the back fence. Take it from me, good sister, when your husband will not eat out of your hand and you will not stay at home to feed him, you set it down that some other woman will feed him out of her hand and thereby hangs a tale.

I lay it down as a fundamental principle that the good people of all times have been praying men and women. They are the men in whom God put his trust to do his will and carry out his divine purpose in this old sin cursed earth. Enoch walked with God. Moses prayed to God. Abraham held on to God with one hand and to his family with the other. Jacob was a prince with God. Come down through the prophets and call the roll of the apostles. Every one of them knew how to pray to God. Even the Son of God himself would

spend long nights on the mountain talking to his God, but would come down in the morning charged and surcharged with the power of God. And when our Lord had performed all his miracles and had done everything on earth, his human ministry found to do, he gave it all the cap sheaf, the infinite touch, the grand triumphant note in all the harmony of his life and ministry by saying, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send laborers into his harvest." The Christian life should be begun with prayer, continue and close with prayer.

When I was a little boy, an old preacher by the name of G. W. Yancey came to my father's house and told at our table how that he and his good wife had living in their home a very peculiar old man who had very odd and unusual habits at meal time. Just before the dinner bell would ring, he would take down his hat and disappear out into the flower garden. That was in the days when Kentucky Whiskey flowed freely and the Colonels liberally slaked their thirst. They thought he had a bottle hid out there and was taking a snort out of that. But when Yancey followed the old man and saw what he was really doing and heard him say on bended knee, "Well, dear Jesus, it's just the same between us that it was on yester night." He ran back to the house and said to his wife who had been afraid to leave the old man in charge of things while they were gone, "Wife, get ready, we can go on our journey. We can afford

to leave all we have in the hands of a man who will talk to God." And so when I go to a new place to hold a campaign, I don't go around and say, "Are you the same stripe of cats that I am," and "do you belong to the same religion I do," and "if not, biff, bang, and have a fight." Oh, no, but when I find a man who loves my Savior, who does the best he knows how, and lives up to the best light he has, I take him by the hand and say "God bless you my brother, let's go and knock this old town a curve. I'll bat and you run bases and we'll hang up a score card for Jesus Christ and bring poor sinners in on the home run."

Mac Lyons lived in Plattsburg, Missouri. He told me that his wife was a good Christian woman and had often gone by him on the front porch where he sat with his shoes off, smoking an old corn-cob pipe, slapped at skeeters, and would spit off out into the dark, while his wife went to prayer meeting, but he never would go.

One day late in December he and a friend were driving some cattle across the plains of Northwestern Nebraska. They saw a dark blue cloud in the Northwest and knew that if they did not get to shelter within an hour and corral those cattle they would freeze to death on those plains that night, and there wasn't a chance to miss it. As they came over a knoll, they looked off to the left down a canyon and saw a light. When they rode up in front of the house, they called and an old man came out, tall, angular, and from Virginia.

"What is it, gentlemen." Lyons said, "We want to get a place to stay all night and corral these cattle." "Well," replied the old man, "We are mighty poor folks here, but if you will get down and come in we will do the best we can for you." And oh, what a supper that was. If it had been offered to you before you came down here tonight, you would not have eaten a bite. And what do you guess they had? Parched corn, just shelled off whole and not even cracked, white bacon that never saw a streak of lean, fried in swimming grease, and black coffee that one drop of it would take a wart off. They had milk for the children to drink and plenty of it good and sweet, and they sat down to it and ate it like a house afire.

When the supper was over and they had smoked awhile, they were shown into a little side room back under the ground that was their guest chamber. It was about six feet square and four feet high and some old buffalo robes were spread down on the floor, and it was there that they were to sleep. They became suspicious of their surroundings and decided that one would sleep at a time while the other watched with the guns, when a knock came at the door and the old man poked in his head and said, "Gentlemen, it is time for our evening devotion and if you will all come, we will have family prayers."

Mack Lyons said he never went to a prayer meeting as fast in all his life. He and his partner both stuck in the little door but finally wrig-

gled through. Some of the children sat on the wood box, some on soap boxes, and mostly on the floor, while the father and mother and the two strangers occupied the chairs. The old man took down the family Bible, a very large one, put on his specs and read one of those long chapters filled with those jaw-breaking, unpronounceable names like the father of Peleg's children, and he mispronounced nearly every one of them, but to these strange men the reading of the word of God never sounded so sweet.

When he had finished the chapter, he closed the book, put up his specs, cast his eye over the little family of thirteen children—now don't laugh, for down in my country folks weren't very well thought of unless they had from nine to fifteen children and were members of the Democratic party. Any father who could not bring enough children to church at one time to fill a long meeting-house bench was not much man, and not much church member.

Then he bowed down and prayed. There was nothing of the strident voice or the hoopla method. No studied phraseology. He just told the Lord all about it. And as he swept along he took his family and the strange men with him. He thanked the Lord for their humble home, for what they had to eat and wear, and that they had up their supply of winter fuel, and that there seemed to be a good many rabbits that year in case the winter meat ran out, and that they had plenty of

shot and powder and caps, and a good new bullet mold in case the Indians attacked them. He thanked the Lord for his beautiful wife, called each of his children by name, and then he prayed for the strangers that were within his gates and asked God to be merciful to them, and that their visit there might prove a benediction to him and his family.

Now when that prayer was over, it seemed that his way of saying Amen brought that peaceful benediction that is the end of the world, the end of a perfect day. He got up, wiped the tears away, told his host good night, went back into that little old dirt floor room, fell down on those old buffalo robes, and never slept more sweetly in all his life. Why? Because he was in a home of prayer.

We do not need more rich land, fine cars, elegant clothes, glorious cathedrals, and larger bank accounts. We need more altars of prayer. As preachers, we are telling the people a lot *about* God in these days but how few in the pulpit and out really *know* God and live up close to his heart. We are bothered about financial reports, details of organization, book reviews, lectures on Greek mythology, and lambasting some new cult, and therefore have little time left for communion with God and sitting at his feet. Fifteen out of sixteen in one Sunday school class where I was had no family prayers in their homes, and fourteen out

of fifteen in another never heard a blessing asked at the table.

In this day of tooting the toot in substitute and mighty cheap substitutions at that, this substitute spirit is reaching to the heart of prayer. Some men don't like to pray. It is too tame, too self-effacing. What pomp is there in prayer and what show can be made? Therefore they substitute fine buildings and erect sky-scrapers, pierce the dome of heaven over their home town. Then there is the large membership with no other claim for itself except that it is the largest end of town, the state or the nation. Then there is the substitute of wealth. Money can do a lot of things in this old world, and it is the investment of influence for good or evil, but no man on God's earth can pay another to perform his worship and do his praying. Then comes the man who wants to substitute ethical culture for the prayer life, and with him the men who plead salvation by character. All this is a failure, and any church that substitutes anything for prayer and the atoning merits of the blood of Jesus Christ is a dead duck and a disappearing brotherhood.

There are some terrific hindrances to prayer. There is jealousy, green eyed, vicious, treacherous. The jealous man admits in his jealousy the superiority of his rival and his own inferiority. It is a species of insanity. It invades the homes, the churches, school-houses, lodges, political parties, and even to the little humble circles of the

remote country districts. Prayer to God and meditation on the virtues of others will help to cure it.

Selfishness is a hindrance to prayer. When my God said Thou shalt have none other gods before me, he summed it all up when he gave in an epitome in the Ten Commandments a shot at selfishness.

Doubt is another hindrance to prayer. Few men really expect to have their prayers answered and if God should answer some foolish prayers he would strike panic immediately into the audience and break up the meeting. In Kentucky an old brother had long raised tobacco, chewed and smoked it all his life. He was under conviction in the meeting and really desired to quit chewing. So he prayed very fervently and loudly, "O Lord, come down and take this cussed weed out of my mouth. Come now, Lord." "Oh, shut up," said his friend by him. "You don't mean that. If the Lord did come and take that out of your mouth, it would scare you so bad that you would swallow it long before he would get here. If you want to quit, you take out the tobacco and throw it away and then it will stay throwed away and quit going out to hunt it again."

Another hindrance to prayer is that terrific, critical spirit of others. Some men get nowhere in the Christian life because their teeth are continually on edge against some one. They hold that black-hearted spirit of hate and revenge and

so long as that is in a man's heart, there isn't a chance for his prayer to be heard. For if we forgive not other men their trespasses, how can the Heavenly Father forgive us?

Our Savior has not left us comfortless and without instructions as to how to pray effectually. In James 1:6 and 4:3, we learn that our prayer is to be made from a faithful heart, like the faith of Moody, Wesley and Whitfield, that was the victory and overcame the world. In Col. 4:2, we learn that it is to be steadfastly, and in Luke 8:1; 6:12; and 11:5-8, we learn that it is to be fervently. In Mark 11:25; and Matthew 6:7, we learn that it is to be humbly.

But oh, the best of it all is that it is to be in the name of Jesus Christ! How wonderful that is to teach our children while bowed around us at the close of the day to close their little prayers and say, "For Jesus' sake, Amen." The name of Jesus is not to be used as a pass-word, but we use his name as his ambassadors. Like the travelling salesman cashes his check on the house for which he is travelling salesman.

Brother, when God saved you and me, he gave us a check book on the bounties of Heaven and a pass book and told us to lay up treasures in Heaven and that we could ask what we will and our prayers should be answered, and where two or three should gather together in prayer and desire certain things that it should come to pass. And when we have that childlike faith that is the

victor and overcomes the world, and come boldly to the cashier's window, and poke them under the wicket, we get the blessing.

All prayers should be for the glory of God. The land grabber has no right to pray to God for his neighbor's quarter section. No woman should pray to God for a new hat like Lizzie Jones has with the design to lay hold of Lizzie's hat. If we regard iniquity in our heart and cherish sin, God will not hear us. We should pray in reconciliation. God will never hear the preachers, church members and church officials who are at variance.

God will hear two classes of people, the believer who is saved by the blood of Jesus and is God's child. Such a man goes to the heavenly father through an open door in the full assurance of faith and can pray with that sincere trust. And then there is the penitent sinner. God help him. He prays like Cornelius did—for light. God will send him a preacher to show him the way. God will give him the Holy Spirit and lead him into saving grace. This is the advantage of spontaneous and extemporaneous prayer. It makes one attend to his business and think while he is talking to his God.

We should pray for ourselves. In Matthew sixth chapter and second verse, "Therefore when thou doest thine alms do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of

men. Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward."

We should pray for others. First Timothy 2:12 says, "I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting. And in Matthew 5:44, "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which do despitefully use you and persecute you." Then we should pray for our daily bread.

It is a question in many a man's heart as to where he should pray. If a man can't pray in public, let him never neglect his secret prayer. In Matthew 6:6, we read, "But when thou prayest, enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut the door pray to thy father which is in secret and thy father which seest in secret shall reward thee openly."

When Whitfield preached, he carried a man with him who never attended the revival. But that man prayed in his room in secret to his God for the mighty outpouring of God's Spirit upon Whitfield and the people while Whitfield did the preaching. No wonder people fell under conviction as if struck with lightning from Heaven.

We should pray in public. This is authorized in Acts 1st chapter and 13th and 14th verses, where we read "And they continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus and with his brethren."

As a missionary stepped onto the platform to deliver an address, the pastor came up and said, "My brother, your sermon will be a great success here today." "How do you know," said the missionary. "Because," said the pastor, "there are one hundred and twenty praying men and women sitting out there to hear you and they will carry you on before them and in ten years no man has ever delivered a poor address from this platform." No wonder that missionary spoke with unction and carried the people before him.

A little Presbyterian Church had a young and faltering preacher just out of the seminary. A godly young man he was who had done very little preaching. To the consternation of the old brethren and sisters, he faltered and floundered, floundered and faltered, hesitated and stopped. A division arose among them and they were about to ask him to seek another charge when an old and godly member of the Session arose and said, "Brethren, there is one thing we have not yet tried for our brother. We have never prayed for him. I suggest that we meet next Sunday morning in the little class room back of the study and there pray for him. Only one man offered to join him, but that two grew to four, four to eight, eight to sixteen, sixteen to thirty-two, thirty-two to sixty-four, sixty-four to one hundred and twenty-eight. The young preacher was saved. A revival broke out. An evangelist was called, and the additions to that church were so great that

though the building was only new and not **all** paid for, they tore it down, bought another lot and built a Seventy Thousand Dollar church. And that is what prayer can do for a young preacher where criticism would have crushed him and perhaps driven him entirely out of the ministry.

If I should suddenly call on some of you old wheezy, short-breathed brethren to lead us in prayer it would be the biggest dose of anti-fat you ever had since you were shot at in the war. The cold sweat would pop out on you like you had a congestive chill. Come now, tell us, why didn't you pray? Was it because you had nothing good in your heart to tell the Lord, and needed nothing for which you could ask? No, sir, it is because you never learned how when you were young. But that doesn't give us a praying membership. And you just as well give a church a dose of buck shot or rat poison as to depend on one or two old brethren to pray every Sunday the same old prayer that they have prayed ever since Heck was a pup. I used to hear it when I was a boy from old Brother Smith, Brother Hardin, and Brother Brown. I could go to sleep and wake up in the middle of any one of their prayers and know just how far it was to the end. I knew them all by heart.

But thank God for what the young people's societies are doing in our churches to promote the spirit of prayer. They are giving us a praying membership, trained and skilled for service in the

house of God. Any preacher who overlooks this and fails to teach his young people this means of grace cuts off his nose to spite his face.

And there is the home as a place of prayer. We can never overlook that. It has the sweet associations of a father and mother. The little children are there, granddaddy and grandmother, and the little grandchildren. And there are the faithful servants who help us to bear our burdens, overlook our faults, and praise our virtues. God bless them.

I know a rich man who each morning calls his entire household with all the men who work on his wonderful farm around one large festal board in one spacious dining room. Everything moves like clock work. A chapter is read from the word of God. Prayer is offered. The meal is consumed and then the father, who is head of the estate receives a brief report from each one that is stated in a sentence or two and each one is handed a card on which he will find his duties for that day. And that is what prayer and the spirit of love can do in a home.

I believe in prayer in times of great stress. I saw our neighbors file in past the bed on which lay my younger brother. He was prostrated by a long siege of fever. It was August and the long sickness had worn and emaciated him until his eyes turned back as if he were dead. Oh, what could we do? I saw my father pick up the family Bible and heard him say, "Come on Sar-

ah," that was my mother's name, "bring the children and let's go into the parlor and pray." I was just a little boy. but I will never forget that day. I heard him read from the precious promises of God. They fell on our hearts like gentle rain on the hot dry ground. They gave us heart and hope. And then I heard my father pray, and what a prayer that was. I heard him tell the Lord how he had been called to the ministry, had left his farm, sold all of his stock and tools and implements and gone to the college of the Bible to study for the ministry, had come out Three Hundred Dollars in debt, supported a wife and six children and paid that Three Hundred Dollars back the first year out of a salary of Six Hundred Dollars. Oh, oh, how did he do it? And then I heard him ask the Lord if it be His will to give back our brother. And we all cried and said "Amen." We arose and put our arms around Pa and Ma and kissed them and went back to watch at the bedside. God answered my father's prayer that day and my brother came back to consciousness, got well, grew to manhood and for fifteen years has gone up and down the line to sing and tell the love of Jesus.

I have been all over the world to preach and ask myself many questions that I have never been able to answer, and one of these is this: "How can a father and mother claim to love God and have a hope of Heaven and never teach their children to pray?" I had a friend whose son was dying and

when that boy was passing away, his father and mother sat by his bed to tell him "good-bye," and break to him the news that there seemed to be no way for him to ever get well. "Well, then," he said, "I shall spend the night with Jesus in Heaven." "Yes, my son, you shall spend the night up there." They wiped their eyes and their hearts were breaking as he turned to them and said, "Don't cry, for when I get to Heaven, I am going to run right straight to the arms of Jesus and tell him that all the twelve years of my life, you and mother have tried to lead me to the feet of the Master."

And there is comfort in the hour of death for the prostrated loved ones when they can know that their children have gone out of this life breathing a prayer to God for his kind care. I had a friend who never had but one child, a beautiful girl about nine years old. When the time came that she was to be operated on and she was taken to the room where everything was ready and the family physician put the cap over her face to administer the ether, she pushed away the doctor's hand and said, "Why, Doctor, what are you going to do?" "Oh," he said, "we are just going to let you go to sleep for a little while." "Well, if I am going to sleep, I want to say my prayers." And as every one stood there with bowed heads, she clasped her hands across her bosom and said that prayer that her mother had taught her at her knee, "And now I lay me down

to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." They wiped away their tears, put the cap over her face, and she went away into that long last sleep from which she never woke in this life. What a comfort it was to the stricken father and mother who had lost the only child that God ever gave them just to know that she had gone away with such an abiding faith in God.

Ere you left your room this morning
Did you think to pray,
In the name of Christ our Saviour
Did you sue for loving favor
At his courts today?

Oh how praying rests the weary,
Prayer can change the night to day,
So when life seems dark and dreary
Don't forget to pray.

CHRIST THE FINALITY.

Text: Matthew 11:28.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Never has the world been in such a state of turmoil, war and strife. War extends around the earth. They fight under the earth, on the sea, under the sea, in the air, and everywhere. The fighting is not limited to two nations, but the spirit of war and the hot bed of war is more or less in the heart of every nation.

There must be some avenue of escape for the world's pent-up feelings, a vent for feeling, malice, and scorn, or life and all the efforts of society will be in vain.

The world is full of cares, busy, rushing. The shoulders jostle. The people crowd and tread one upon another, and the whole world is seeking relief, rest and peace.

I go down by the side of the old gray ocean and watch the rich man sail away in the fine yachts. I see thousands at the bathing beaches, others rushing by on the fine roads for pleasure and for rest. I hail a man with his family in a big car, a coachman in livery is driving. I say, "Wait, brother," and he thinks I am a hold-up guy or a speed cop, and I say to him, "Brother, where are you go-

ing?" He says, "I am out here from New York and I am seeking rest and peace and comfort." "Thank you, go ahead." Just behind him comes a man with his wife and seven kids in a Tin Lizzie. They are loaded for bear, bedding and tents on the running boards and over the radiator, and under the back axle dangle a long handled skillet, a tin coffee pot and a bacon fork. Over the bumps they go, bumpety, bump, bump, biffety, boom, boom, bang. There is always place for one more in a Lizzie. And I wave them down and say, "Brother, where are you going with all those children?" and he says, "Oh the Missus and I are tired of the town and we are taking these steam engines in breeches to the mountains to air them out. We are seeking peace, rest, and relief."

And behind them comes an old man with a long bodied wagon with cultivator wheels and an old hoss much the worse for the wear and in that wagon box is a layer of straw and on that a feather tick and covered up with the checked quilts is what is left of his wife who is fighting hard the white plague. I ask him where he is going. "Oh," he says, "I and the woman can't be here long 'cause she has lung trouble, so we just stop where night finds us, build a little fire, make a little coffee and cook a bite, rest through the night and go on the next day, cause we know it won't be long till God will take us home and give us rest and peace."

So from the multi-millionaire to the poorest

peasant, we find them all in search of the elusive peace.

If in the course of this sermon we find these things of the world cannot give us rest and peace, then we must turn to something that will, and having found it should hold it as priceless heritage. More valuable is it than specifics for leprosy or consumption. For what price would the world not pay for specifics like Genet's smallpox virus, Roentgen's X-Ray, and such other benefactions to the human race. But the magic peace that passeth all understanding has no definition in terms of finance.

If in the course of this argument, we find that there is no rest and no peace that can be offered with foundation in fact, then this life is without excuse. Heaven and Hell have no meaning and eternal hope is a mock and a by-word.

So come with me and let us go down the streets of this city and find where the world is going for rest and peace. We pass by a man who stands out in front of blinded doors and screened windows. He has a large white apron over a Pacific slope that has a Rocky Mountain range. His face is bloated, his eyes weasled and he hasn't seen his feet since he was a baby. It takes him thirty minutes to put on a sock over his dropsied feet and another hour before he can lace his shoes. And he says "Come unto me, rich men, poor men, everybody, and I will give you rest." I go in and the man behind the bar says

What will you have? I say, "What have you got?" "Oh, anything," he says, "I can give you a Scotch highball, a cocktail, a ginricksha, or horses neck, just anything you want." I see sixty thousand men die annually, two billion dollars spent in a single year for the foul stuff. I see nine thousand little babies smothered to death by being slept on by drunken daddies. I see one hundred and sixty thousand go into the front doors on New Year's eve, sixty thousand of which pass away before the next New Year. And as I turn to leave the place, I see a red faced, brutal looking man with a piece of rubber hose on a broomstick beat drunken men from a stale beer joint or barrel house across the street, and curse them as they reel on their days journey to bring in more men to drink their slop and thus increase patronage. No wonder God says, "Who hath woes, who hath redness of eyes." No, no, it is not for me. Peace is not found there.

I pass by a man who stands out in front of his place with a billiard cue in his hand as he says. "Come right on in, boys. This is the place for you. Chairs in here to sit down. Come in." I walk in and look around. The smoke is so thick you could cut it with a jack-knife. I hear the jest, ribaldry, profanity. I hear the libertine tell of his latest conquest and another who tries to match his story. And while I am in there, the place is surrounded, the doors blocked and a policeman steps in and says, "Hands up, you are all pinch-

ed." Then they begin a thorough search and it turns out that they are after some criminal or murderer. A bank has been robbed or somebody has been killed. Why don't they throw out a net around this church tonight or this tabernacle, and raid this place while we are at worship. It is because this is not congenial soil for criminals. They go to the pool hall and gambling den because "Where the carcass is there do the eagles be gathered together." No, that is no place for a minister's son.

As I pass on, I pass a dance hall. Out in front stands the dancing master twisting his waxed mustache. I go in to look around. I see there little boys and girls carrying satin bags containing dancing pumps. On them is the flower and liquid dew of youth. There is the young girl from a good home. And there is the old-time habitue. She is hard boiled and feels aggrieved and embittered if her anxiety is not drowned with the frequent highball or cocktail. I find that eighty-four per cent of the girls who come to a bad end trace the beginning of their downfall to the seductions of this dance hall. Ten per cent to the wine room, and the rest to willful choice, poverty and abuse. I wait until they turn out at night. I follow some of them home and hear the cries and wails of the neglected children. No, there is no peace that passeth understanding in a life like this.

I go on down the street and as the warm sum-

mer breezes fan in my face, an old woman sits in a window and says, "Come in here. This is the place where they all come to loiter and rest." I go in and look around. They have small bottles of beer which they sell for a dollar a bottle. As the drinks increase the brawls turn into fights, cuttings, and killings.

One morning I preached to the prisoners in the city jails of Terre Haute. Our quartette sang a sweet and plaintive song called "My Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me." Nearly everybody cried. And before I started to speak, the police brought in a man in the hoodlum wagon who had on a piece of straw hat but his head had been lacerated with a beer bottle until he was a horrible looking sight. He knew me and said, "Brother er Fife, for God's sake, go right straight and tell my sister who works with me at the glass factory to go and draw my pay and come down here and bail me out right away, so I can go home to my wife and children." And that is the Red Light. No happiness in that. Nothing but hell and destruction.

On down the street I go and I pass by the gambling den. They have a man out in front mooching for business and he said, "Come in and double your money." I go in and watch those old timers, the stone faced poker players, who sit into a game behind a hand that they always hope will hold three or four aces, but which more often holds a bob-tailed flush. I come to the conclusion

that after all it is impossible to beat a man at his own game. They will stack the cards, mark the cards, or play from the bottom of the deck, play out of their sleeves or from between their knees, but before it is over they will beat you, and if that fails they will knock you down with brass knucks and take it away from you. I see men go in with a large roll but they come out beautifully subdued and picked as clean as a goose. They refer to it as "taking candy from the children, eating their meat, and shearing the lambs," but not a soul gets away. At Monte Carlo, there is a suicide every day and on some days every hour in the day. They all come to the same end. They make for a while and before it is over are slain in conflict or jump from the top of some tall building and are dashed to death on the busy streets below. I say they all go the same route and none of them find peace.

But I am seeking peace and I next stop at the theatre. I find that their chief stock and trade is the ridicule of the marriage covenant. Their appeal is more or less to passion. A display of fine feathers and the pride of life. After one sees a play no matter how wonderful, and many of them are wonderful, truly wonderful, for I studied for the stage, graduated and became an actor, and was receiving a salary of no mean amount, when God called me to the ministry. So don't let anyone tell me I don't know. But I say when one has seen a play one time, he never wants to see it

again. No matter how much it costs, when it has run its course, it is through.

As I pass on, I come to an old brother with short chin whiskers and his head cocked on one side and his name is Pastor Russell. He pretends that his sermons are exceedingly sought after by the press. I go into his establishment and look around and I find some miracle wheat. It looks just like any other wheat but it is Sixty Dollars a bushel. And that price is asked and paid because he has blessed that wheat and it is supposed to produce sixty times as much as any ordinary bushel. But when I find out that his life in Pittsburgh is said to have been so rotten that even the neighbors and reporters for the Press were excluded from the charges by his wife when heard before the Court and this case was tried behind closed doors and his wife's case was sustained by the Court, I don't think I want to trust in that old bird for my hope of Heaven.

And now we come to the Master of them all, Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy. I see a picture which she caused to be made where she stands between God and Jesus Christ, to be the mediator between the two and tell them, if you please, what they should think and what all followers of Christ should think. I look over the records but I do not find a single reported cure of an organic disease. But I do find thousands of children dying annually from lack of medical attention in Christian Science homes where diseases like

diphtheria and scarlet fever of course would not respond to a process of suggestion and absent treatment at so much per.

I find that her system is one of graft from start to finish, that numerous editions of "Science and health with the key to the scriptures" by simply transposing the order of the chapters and it is today the only book in the world where the chapters can be thus jumbled and the first made last and the last made first and yet have as much sense to it as it had before. Then I ask her "For what are these handkerchiefs?" "Oh," she says, "they are to cure pain. It doesn't matter where the pain is, whether in the back or the stomach, just lay one of these on the spot and you will never have any pain any more. They cost me five cents a dozen, but after I have blessed them I sell them for Five Dollars apiece.' "

"And what are these spoons for?" "Oh, they are to sweeten your coffee. I have blessed these spoons and you can just use one of these and remember me and no error will ever bother you any more. They cost me a penny apiece but I sell them for \$3.75."

And then she tells me, "Marriage is carnal," and yet she has been married three times that we know of and the records of the Eastern courts seem to indicate a fourth marriage for good measure, yet marriage is very carnal.

And then "Children are carnal, and education is everything for children," yet her son at the age

of sixty, I am told, could neither read nor write, and having been disinherited by his mother who cut him off without a dollar, he sought the aid of counsel, filed suit and obtained a judgment which was settled out of court for some \$350,000.00 cash if I remember correctly.

I find on looking further that the enrollment of their Sunday school is only one-fifth of that of the church membership and that teddy bears, spitz dogs and brindle bull pups with double crimps in their tails are generally held at higher premium and much less troublesome than children. I find that Christian Science is a revival of Hinduism through the writings of old Mr. Quimby, and that three years after receiving "this revelation from the Lord" she told her close friends and pupils that she really got it from the papers and essays of old Professor Quimby who stayed at her father's house when she was a girl.

I can not tolerate this teaching further because of its attitude toward those enduring human suffering. It is that of laughter and scorn. Holding that there is no such thing as pain and feeling none themselves at the time, they laugh to scorn those who are enduring the tortures of the damned. A preacher friend of mine had a layman in his church who was a very godly and orthodox believer. This man's son was driving a truck on the crowded streets of Louisville and was terribly hurt in an accident. His agony was excruciating. The blood poured from his many

wounds. He was badly hurt internally and when he was in that awful condition, his own mother and sister who had embraced the teachings of this so-called Christian Science, laughed him to scorn and paid no attention to his sufferings. That would be the last straw for me. On this subject for people like that, nothing more could possibly be said.

And then I could never tolerate it because of the fact established beyond any reasonable doubt to my mind in a recent book prepared and given to the press by the attorney for Mrs. Eddy's son, which as I call to mind portrays her conduct at the death of her last surviving husband. This attorney states that when her husband was dying she hardly waited for his heart to quit beating before an autopsy was performed and his heart taken from his body and brought to her on a dish that she might pick at it with a penknife and pronounce to the newspaper reporters that her husband had died of nothing else than error, prayed into the heart of her husband by the enemies who sought to dispossess her from her place and holdings in the mother church at Boston. Will you tell me, please, what difference there is between this, if any at all, I say between this and the cannibalistic savages on the shores of the darkest continent?

Oh, oh, I could go on through the dark maze of infidelity which sits like a carrion crow or a hoarse-voiced raven over the dead field of no

man's land of infidelity. I could take you through the nameless dread and fear of the hirsute waves of the high jacker and the gunman; and then show you the rottenness of Mormonism and Dowieism. But who in God's name would tarry at the shrine of any of these who had ever tasted of the good word of God and found that the Lord is good?

Where, oh, where, shall the sinsick soul go? To what haven shall it sail in this time of storm? Into what retreat shall it go for hiding? Is there no cleft in the rock, no land flowing with milk and honey, no soul sweet satisfaction, no peace that passes all understanding? As yet, we have found it not. Is the world to be forever without a redeemer, suffering without an excuse, and the question of death without an answer?

In the absence of anything else that can satisfy the cravings of the intelligent mind, the sin sick heart and the sin sick soul, I ask you to consider as an answer to this problem the answer which I found twenty-eight years ago on the twenty-third of September, as I staggered out of a cold and heartless world into His majestic arms. I ask you to consider my Savior. Hallelujah, what a Savior! We will put him on the other side of the equation and try for the correct answer. For nothing is worth the breath that it takes to tell or the ink to write it except it is tried and proven by the eternal and inexorable law of test.

None of those whom I have mentioned could give the peace that Christ can give from the sim-

ple fact that they have it not. Now if I should write a check for Ten Thousand Dollars this morning and give it to you in payment for value received, it would not be worth that much. Why? Because I don't have any Ten Thousand Dollars. But there are distinguished men and women not a few in this audience this morning, whose name on a check would immediately produce the cash for that amount and perhaps many times more. The fact is that the Devil has always been a liar. The best definition ever given of him that which he gave of himself, namely, "To do good never will be my aim." He is a liar, a pretender, a plagiarist.

Jesus is the only character who has ever challenged the minds of men who could ever give rest to this sin cursed world. He gives it by right of possession "for without Him was not anything made that was made," and from the time when God flung from his plastic fingers the worlds into space and the morning stars first sang together, the earth has been the Lord's and the fullness thereof

He holds it by right of mediation. His love paved the way. The world was lost, undone, without God and without hope. He took our place and became sin for us and in so doing condemned sin in the flesh. He took away the laws of death and left us under mercy and grace.

"No hope had I, no light within
Till Jesus saved me from my sin,

I wandered on from day to day
But praise the Lord, love found the way.
Love found a way my life to save
His precious blood Christ freely gave.
For years I prayed and hoped and tried
But now I trust the Crucified."

Jesus gives us rest that is physical, sweet repose for the tired body, and as he knits up the unravelled sleeve of care, the infinite calm settles down with the dews of the night where Erebus draws in the curtains of the falling shadows and pins them with the star of hope of the coming day.

And he gives spiritual rest, the godliness with contentment that is great gain, the joy in Christian living that causes us to live for awhile on the mountain of experience and to return in the evening to dwell in the valley of content.

And there is the saints' rest. There is rest in his gospel that contains the exceeding great and precious promises which become dearer like the love of the Savior each step of the way. And there are his ordinances. These means of grace to bind us back to God and to brighten the way. There is the sweet communion where we meet on a level and are all on the same plane before the King of Glory. And there is his yoke to lighten our burdens as the yoke upon the oxen makes light the load, and His promise is true that His yoke is easy and His burden light. There is the love of the

people of God. That love that remains without dissimulation. With it there is no variableness nor shadow that is cast by turning. Victory, Victory, oh, glorious victory that overcomes the world.

In the Christian's home in Glory
There remains a land of rest,
And my Savior's gone before me
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
In the sweet fields of Eden
There is rest for thee.

Oh glorious victory! Oh saints shout in glory, redeemed and saved, caught up with the Lord to reign with Christ a thousand years. So shall we ever be with the Lord, and wherefore comfort ye one another with this thought.

At the entrance to John Hopkins university and hospital in Baltimore stands a glorious figure of Jesus Christ. His loving arms are extended and beneath his majestic presence are carved the words of this soul-healing text that is balm for the weary heart, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light. And ye shall find rest unto your soul."

And now in view of the fact that the world cries out for rest and peace and that the people

and worldly leaders with their flims, shame and shell games have continued to take from the people their eternal birthright, and give in exchange a miserable mess of pottage will you not turn forever from this empty pretense and just at this moment with your head bowed, say in your heart of hearts, "Lord, Jesus you have opened my heart, come in and abide in my house forever and forever. Even so, come Lord Jesus. Amen and Amen."

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D. D. I

HAVE YOU RECEIVED THE HOLY SPIRIT?

Acts 19. *"Have you received the Holy Spirit?"*

The Holy Spirit has figured in the conversion and regeneration of men since the day of Pentecost. It enlightened Cornelius, sent Phillip to preach to the first converted Secretary of the Treasury, convicted the Pentecostians, comforted the discouraged disciples, empowered Paul, inspired David, protected Daniel, shielded Joseph and gave victory to Joshua.

God is doubtless working many miracles and making other worlds today, but not through certain apostles as of old. An apostle was an eye witness to the words and deeds of Jesus, and when the last apostle died, the power of transferring these gifts, which could only be conferred in a miraculous way by the laying on of the hands of an apostle with prayer, perished forever from the earth.

And why should it not? It had fulfilled the purpose for which Christ intended it, which was to distinguish His men from the God-forsaken bunch of time servers, conjurers and all manner of shell game artists and beggars that are still as thick in that country as flies around a molasses barrel. So, with this power God sealed His work and laid bare His mighty arm. So, He continues

to work mightily in the hearts of men today as in days of old.

God gave me His Holy Spirit when I was a little boy ten years old. Twenty-seven years have I treasured it above all else and shall to the end of the way. It has been the light to my feet, a compass on the high sea, a guiding star in a lonely forest, a mystic fire to warm and tender my poor heart, and brings to my memory the things that I should speak at this hour. God knows that I have tried never to grieve it, and have never lost its witness.

When you were converted, Bud, did you really get anything, or did you join because your daddy did, or a friend joined or because you just thought it was the thing to do? Did you go in dry eyed and without a thrill or tremor, without that peace of God, that heavenly dove that takes out hate and puts in forgiveness? Were you just baptized and had your name on the church book and then did you turn right back to the mire as a hog does to the wallow? Or did you really get something? Did God save you from yourself or something else, and did it give you a testimony? If so, do you keep your sword bright by giving and using that said testimony to the sinner and stand before him redeemed and say: "I know that Jesus is my Savior and His Bible is true because all that the Bible said it would do for a poor, lost sinner, it did for me?" Oh, say, isn't that the master stroke of the Christian man's

sword? No parrying about that fencing. It is a direct thrust that is a sin killer. Try it, brother, try it.

The reason why so few church members in all churches do so little personal work is simply due to the fact that they have in their hearts absolutely no assurance of personal salvation. That they belong only to God. They are "Good God, Good Devil" and cannot stand for either to the exclusion of the other. The Holy Spirit will depart from such and leave them comfortless.

I have preached all over America in all kinds of buildings and backed by all churches, but never have I known of any subject of which the people are generally so ignorant as this of the Holy Spirit. Yet it is the third person in the Godhead—God, Christ and the Holy Spirit. It is God's agent in the world this day and the last appeal of the Almighty God to save us from sin and hell. It pleads here right now.

Some are ignorant of the Holy Spirit because they simply will not go to hear of it. I know of no way to save such a man. In Rich Hill, Mo., were the saloon people who made the pastors and the advance man I sent there change the location of the Tabernacle three times. Finally they closed a street and built it between the M. E. Church, South and the Presbyterian. In that little town every business man was converted save one, and he was a grocer who would open his little joint after supper and, under pretense of post-

ing his books, would stay there until the call had been given at the Tabernacle, the last song sung and the lights out. Then he would sneak by in the dark and go home. He resisted every invitation from business men, wife, friends and all. When the meetings were closed and the Tabernacle sold and removed, this grocer never opened that store again after supper. He was as ignorant of the Holy Spirit after the meetings as before, except for the testimony of the saved who insisted that he hear them, but to no avail.

Some are prevented from ever hearing preaching. "I have married a husband and he won't let me come" is the way it should read for many poor wives today. God have mercy on them. At first they are grieved, then discouraged, then deadened to all sense of worry or concern over the matter. They realize that they are out of touch with Jesus and are throwing their lives away spiritually, but seeing that they are encompassed about with so great a cloud of hindrances at home, give up all hope of bettering conditions.

Then there are those who attend but hear nothing. It is no credit to your good sense of respect for God's house to sit there and chew gum, write notes, shoot paper wads, make fun of some old sister's quaint hat, or a fly on some fat man's bald head. Nothing but mauling preaching that will knock the dust out of everything in forty miles around will do such people any good. With

all this, it is better to go to the house of mourning for sins than to the house of feasting.

Have the church members of today received the Holy Spirit? They leave the church just any time for the lodge, the dance and the theatre. On Sunday morning they hear a sermon. Sunday afternoon to the golf links, Sunday night to a dinner dance. Monday to the theatre, Tuesday to a card party, Wednesday to a wine cellar dinner with sauce to match, Thursday to a light opera, Friday to a melodrama and Saturday are up all night to another big dance.

And, "Oh, that old Sunday School class. And I don't even know the subject of the lesson." But she gets a lesson leaf and with tooth picks to prop her drooping eyelids open, her eyes looking like two burnt holes in a blanket, approached the class with "Good-morning, young people." "Good-morning, Miss Stewmuch." Then she begins, "What is our lesson about this morning? Where is it found? What is the golden text? What did Moses say? And what did the calf say? Now, what spiritual truth is there in this lesson for us?" Bosh and tommy-rot. If I had a ticket like that and a Sunday school class, I would resign the class or change the ticket.

Myrtle Fox told me that she danced with a young lawyer until late one Saturday night. But when she saw this same young man step before her class to break to them the bread of life as a spiritual leader, she turned sick and revolted at

the very thought. And so will you in your heart be disgusted with such inconsistency. Today there is no more serious question in the hearts of religious leaders than this: "Where shall we get trained and spiritual leadership for the Bible Classes of the Sunday Schools of our land?"

Can a man keep booze in his cellar and keep the Holy Spirit in his heart? Can one in or out of the church have the Spirit of Christ and do this way? In view of the fact that such a surprising per cent of the weak-kneed members of the churches of this land fall at this point of temptation I consider this question exceedingly pertinent. If you rob a man in or out of a house it is a crime, and if you commit a sin in or out of a church, it still remains a sin. So, because you stay out of the church to do your deviltry does not square it with your God.

Let me give you some distinguished testimony. I held a Union Campaign in old Evans Hall in Evansville. Jim Knight was one of the first converts. He was converted on a Sunday afternoon at a big meeting for men only. The next morning he was at the Sontag Hotel very early. There at six. I get up early. Lots to do and I am young and hit the ball. Jim said: "Come to my house at six tonight for supper. Bring Mrs. Fife, little Clyde and Bob." "Oh, shoot, Jim, I'm too busy. Busy as sixteen setter pups in a rye patch." "Well, something's up. You be there." So when we went in, he handed me the Bible and I read

Romans twelve and prayed. Then he took me down in the cellar and said: "Help me carry these kegs up and out of here and pour this in the sewer. I have tried to live right fifteen years. I drank so I had to steal my wife. I once joined the Methodist Church and got a good start but I thought I could keep this down here and make good. But my children may get into this and we are going to pour it out." I sweat like a nigger at election. He sweat like a water pitcher. We carried it out, he knocked the bungs out with an old hatchet and began to pour it out. A young reporter on a big daily came over where we were and threw one fit after another. "Oh, my God, fellows, have you gone plumb cuckoo, plumb bug-house, when this hundred gallons of elder-berry and four year old blackberry could have been given to the sick in the poor hospitals?" As he talked he would hold his hand under and drink what he could out of either hand. So, it spread through the city press and all over. And the next Sunday I preached on "Why We Poured Out 124 Gallons." At the close, an old mother came up and whispered: "Bro. Fife, please tell me who poured out all that wine." "I will tell you," I said, "if you will promise to keep still and not make any fuss about it." "Oh, I will." "Well, it was your son standing right there behind you." Then she did shout: "Oh, I'm so happy. My children all joined the Methodist Church when they were little. Then they went

to the world. Now they are coming back. Oh, praise the Lord, I can now die happy."

You can tell by a church member's influence if he has the Holy Spirit. Pastors and evangelists should not be too severely censored when they cannot pull into the churches new people over the heads of such. When a church member thinks that he can live just as he pleases and still have an influence for the right, he is sadly mistaken. A bank cashier always rattles silver when counting it at the window. His sense of touch and hearing are so acute that even paper money that is counterfeit will not escape his detection. The little child in your home, the man beside you in business is just as observing of your counterfeit life.

I went hunting for quails on my Uncle's farm in Kentucky. My mother was a Hoover and Uncle Sam was her brother. We killed fifty-nine in two hours, and coming over the hill he said: "Clyde, see that home over there, the log house on the hill?" "Yes." "Now, that old man put little Jim on a mule and sent him to Glasgow to get a jug of whiskey. They got drunk and laid out in the snow. When the son was dying, he called his father to his bedside, put his frail, trembling arm around his old father's neck and said, "Father, I am dying, and you have sent my soul to hell." Thank God, all fathers are not like that.

Do you think that the preachers of this land

have received the Holy Spirit? I believe them to be the cleanest men in the world from the fact that they read the best books, meditate upon the noblest subjects in the universe, are associated with the godliest of people and minister to others as a life work instead of to themselves. This is why ministers are so often poor financiers—their lives are given for others and their own interests come last. I am for them and always help them to bear their burdens and teach the people to uphold their hands.

But how can God give His Holy Spirit to a man without faith, who preaches doubts instead of faith? That no longer believe the miracles, the deity of Christ, that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, that Jesus fed the five thousand.

But they will not help in any great, city-wide effort. They fear the loss of their identity. When any man can lose his identity for the sake of Christ, he has invested in the sum total of human good.

What church put this nation dry? Or put the red light districts out of this country? What one alone has all the truth today? None of them. It takes every ounce of energy and the combined truth and power of them all to keep down the devil and complete an unfinished task.

Sloth and indigence can curse the pulpit as well as the pew. Many are just sitting on the lid. The church goes no where but to the devil and

awaits the rude awakening. Such will kill the Holy Spirit out of the life.

A banker in old Illinois was recently converted in one of our Union Meetings in a Methodist Church. He told me of the death of his only little boy and how that he had died of pernicious anemia without a struggle. They had changed its diet but did not know that it was starving to death slowly but surely. And that is the devil's master stroke for the death of the church. He wins the preacher to doubt of Christ and the Bible; the members to hate for each other, despite for the work of the church and to the love of the godless world. The death is so easy that there is no struggle. The Holy Spirit has fled not to return, and it fled in the night.

The Holy Spirit has no part nor lot with those at ease in Zion except to plead with them to awaken from dead works unto the living God. They are egotistical and self-satisfied. Self-sufficient. They purr up to the church in glorious cars, wear monocles, have diamonds as big as walnuts, duck their heads at the prayer, sit swelled up like poisoned pups in white vests, walking coats, canes and spats, but don't give a whoop down a shotgun cocked and loaded if the whole world is lost. They feel personally assured of salvation.

Then there are those as cold as kraut and liquid air. They are good for refrigeration. A substitute for liquid air and ice plants. They go

with the gang, they follow the crowd. They take no stand on moral issues and are intricately tied with sinners. They wink at the booze bunch, the boot-leggers, until their own boys are a nuisance and a problem; they dance until their corns and rheumatism hurt so badly that they are forced off the floor. They hold a jiu jitsu on the preacher and when he becomes discouraged with preaching to a lumber yard varnished and cries to God for a revival, they have a little meeting of the official members and give him to understand that if he uses that word again around there they will can him. A few of them will hush, but thank God, many will not. My daddy was a preacher and I know how it goes.

In view of the fact that the church of the living God was born in a revival on Pentecost, set up on earth in an organized way to do business, and by its pure springs has since been fed, do you think that a man can retain the Holy Spirit in his heart and oppose the means by which it came and has been kept alive?

The first thing revival knockers do, in or out the pulpit, is to vote against it; then they talk it down; perhaps misrepresent it; stay away from it; criticize the pastor and official members, but later come through curiosity when it is so great no one can stay away. Then they arise to testify to what the Lord has done for them and say: "I always knew it would be great. I told my wife

so." Think, sir, of the light in which this places you before the community.

Can a grumbler retain the Holy Spirit in his life? No matter what comes or goes, he is "for-in-st." Born in the objective case, planted on the earth in the wrong time of the moon like a turnip all gone to top. Nothing to him but leaves. He bears no fruit unto eternal life; is a standing committee on smut and pastoral removal.

The world is crowded, the grumbler declares.
I don't like its labor, I don't like its cares. ,
If you don't care to work, sir, and would much
rather play,

Just do as you please, sir, but don't stand in the
way.

The young men are coming, the old men grow
gray.

Just do as you please, sir, but don't stand in the
way."

We come now to consider the substitutes offered in our day for the Holy Spirit. To such tooters of the toot in substitute, I can only say: "All Gaul is divided into three parts" and spell Gaul like this:—g-a-l-l. Organization is the first substitute. I am sick of the word. The church of today on paper looks like a diagram of twenty double compound sentences in Hoenschel's grammar. The churches are so busy that they are run to death to oil the machinery and have little time left to get acquainted with God. This meeting

has been organized up but now it must be prayed down.

Social service is not a substitute for the Holy Spirit. "Oh," you say, "we must have a lot of soup houses and suits of clothes for all these fellows before they will listen to preaching." That's it. Soup and breeches and breeches and soup. No one can preach aid to the poor any more than I would try to do, but this old charity game has been worked to death. It has certainly, to the public eye, covered many a multitude of sins. Too much splutter. Give a charity ball, gay dames spend \$75,000 on gowns draped below the hypnotic state, bare backed, cut high and come out with praise from the press for the net receipts for the poor amounting to \$38.75. But I see from the style books that the dresses are to be "higher in the back" and that means protection for the kidneys, and "lower in front," which means more lung trouble. Let us care for the poor, God help them, but have the Holy Spirit in the hearts of all concerned.

Nothing avails with God but repentance and Godly sorrow for sin. That is why some oppose this meeting. They don't intend or want to repent. They go to every church supper, though, and buy a ticket for fifty cents and eat a dollar and a half's worth of grub as fine as ever went down a man's guzzle, and on public money raisings give twenty-five cents.

Such a bunch of parasites remind me of the

business man my good friend Bill Bryan told me about. This business man told his boy how to get rich and to be rich, told him that he must be popular. So, he said: "Now, son, if for instance you are asked for a donation for a new church building, subscribe a handsome sum and then fight the location with all your might."

Formality is no substitute. It is killing many churches today. Will you kindly tell me what on earth is attractive to young or old in hearing the same songs, the same old tune the cow died on, the same old prayer which everyone has from childhood committed by heart, the same old sing-song expository sermons that are so dry they choke the preacher while he delivers them (and that is what I think the chiefest cause of clergyman's sore throat—dry sermons) until the people simply will not go. True, we can't compete with vaudeville for snap and speed but we can shine up for God and make it snappy and up to date.

Many are guaranteed to go through an entire service and never feel a thrill or tremor of God's Spirit. I promise thrills for all live wires and dead ones before we get done with this revival. But who can thrill a stump and a wet one at that? Formality is killing out the old love. Of all lines I liked best on the stage, it was this: "You know, Titinius, that when love begins to sicken and decay, it uses an enforced ceremony." I read that line always from my heart.

When you were poor, lived in the log cabin or the dugout and your husband drove an old mule and hauled coal and you took in "family wash-ins", you had the old love for God and each other and had daily the family altar. Now you have the limousine, pug dogs, and hell. Maybe one poor little old accident kid on which you lavish all extravagance and hasten him on to destruction.

An impotent God is no substitute. I can remember when sermons on the majesty of God, His dominion and power were preached. And now they tell us that "God is too good to let anyone be lost." I feel about that like an oil man said in an argument over our last Tabernacle campaign in the Mid-Kansas field: "Well, if there aint no hell, believe me, I will write a check for \$5,000 to help the Lord build one, for it's dead sure I don't want some of this bunch around here associating any more with my family." When you preach an impotent and pygmy God, you get pygmy results. But let a man preach the love and justice of a mighty God and he will have mighty results.

Peter accused men of murder in the first degree. Jesus gave people the very old devil from the time he started until they hanged him, suffering the last dripping agony in a blistering sun to die. John the Baptist, the "none greater born of woman," flayed sinners from his first sermon until his head was handed out on a big dish to

please a shimmy-shaking, toe-dancing girl who avenged the hate her mother bore to a preacher because of sins rebuked.

When God pays judgment, He pays it on what he finds in the human heart. Is your heart right with God? if you have received the Holy Spirit, have you kept it?

Every man in the churches working in this campaign for souls has, from the weakest to the strongest, the highest to the lowest, thrown down to the forces of evil and indifference a challenge to the better life. With God's help you have crossed the Rubicon. There is no turning back. The die is cast. Will you run, or will you boldly put on the Christian's armor, take the sword of the Spirit, and beginning in your own heart, strike dead the forces of evil? The Holy Spirit is your comfort and guide to a great work.

A friend of the people and hard working, patient circuit rider went through a storm in a buggy with his wife and son to fill an appointment in the country. In crossing a swollen stream where the ice was breaking up, the buggy was overturned, the horse drowned and the mother and son impaled on a water gap. The father scrambled out and hurried up the hill to get help for the rescue. As he started away, the mother, chilled and trembling in the icy water said: "Son, I believe I will have to give up and go down." "Don't go down, mother," said the son. "If you do, I will too." She thought only of the

boy, remembered that he was her very own and still unsaved. She prayed to God for help to hold on. Help came and both were saved. But, oh, soul without God here tonight, are you holding on to God until your children are all saved? Is His Spirit in your heart? Is your sword bright? Have you only believed and had your name put on a church book and let it go at that. Have ye received the Holy Spirit since ye first believed?

WHY BE A CHRISTIAN—A FOLLOWER OF CHRIST.

Text: "But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a busy-body in other men's matters. But if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be shamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf." 1 Pet. 4:16.

What greater shame can come to a family than to have some of their folks die as a criminal or to be confined in a penal institution through which society must protect itself against him? A man may do a world of good and it will be forgotten, but let him commit a crime or misdemeanor and it will follow him around the world until he is dead.

Since booze and inherited tendencies have been the cause of 82% of this, it is up to thinking and decent people to unrelentingly set about to rid the world of these temptations that wreck homes and hopes and blight worthy ambitions dear to the hearts and lives of men and women.

If a man is an evil doer, he should suffer, and he certainly will, but the man who started him in his downward course should also suffer with him.

Say what you will, when the church members

of this country clean up their own lives and sweep around their own back doors, the world will then begin to believe their testimony. This can never be done until we wake up, pray up, hope up, pay up and get ready to go up.

The time has come that judgment must begin at the house of God; and if it first begins at us, what shall be the end of them that obey not the gospel of our God? And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?

Listen to this, my unsaved friend? Has it ever once occurred to you that if it takes the life service of a man who loves and serves God, denies himself for the sake of Christ, supports the church, votes on the side of right, goes straight, trots square and lives up to the light he has to the very best of his ability, and then he barely gets through by the skin of his teeth, that as an ungodly man, a sinner who has never ceased to walk with the devil and do his bidding that you are not even in the running? Do you settle your fortune on other people's children? No indeed. You care for your own. Then by what process of common sense and reasoning can you bring yourself to believe that you can expect the wealth and joys of heaven and happiness here and hereafter when you have never even declared your intention to become His heir even by adoption? It's three strikes and out for you, my dear friend. For a man like you, the life and death of Christ,

His last dripping agony, His resurrection are all for naught.

The thinking world demands the reasons for the stand you take on any issue. Then why think it queer to raise again a question relating to the soul's life here and through all eternity? If you are in the world, I take it that you have reasons for there remaining. But if in the church, I take it that you have reasons with foundation in fact for having taken that position. The reasons of both men should be given due and candid consideration.

After all the revivals, all the sermons by pastors and special workers, after all the good books, all the efforts of believers through all the history of this nation, only one third of our population belong to any of the churches.

After careful examination of the facts, I feel safe in saying that there are at least fifty million people in America today who never darken a church door for any kind of divine worship. And God knows that the way some of those on the church books live, there is little hope for some of them.

If, as some think, God is too good to ever let anyone who sins away his days of mercy and grace ever be lost, then why in the name of reason should we continue to struggle against such a rising tide of sin and indifference? Why not just let the church go by the board? Sell the church buildings, turn them into theatres and

motion picture houses, burn these Bibles and song books and put these preachers out here to cracking rock on the rock pile. Why not? If God is going to save the world anyhow, and too good to ever let anyone be lost, then why the agony? Why the incessant, everlasting, never to be overlooked and forgotten struggle against the ways of sin and the devil? You started this, brother, now sit up and face the music and watch her through.

A fellow went off fishing and in crossing a pasture was assailed violently and suddenly by a mad bull. The only tree in sight was only a sapling compared to the big woods, but he flew his kite for that. He could go around it faster than the long-bodied bull. So, the first time around he grabbed the bull by the tail and was about to jerk a knot into it, whereon the bull bellowed so that the man said: "Beller if you want to, you started this." So men out of Christ who point the finger of scorn at Christ and the church and say on Sunday morning: "Oh, thunder, what's the use?" So, brother, hear us through on this matter, and if I do not confine myself to the limits of truth and statements with foundation in fact, will you kindly take me to one side as a brother should and set me right. Then I will be true and apologize before these people. If these statements are not true, then will you please tell me why no one has accepted the proposition all over America to set me right?

I am a Christian, a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, because conversion and obedience bring pardon from past sins. One is brought from darkness to light, from sin back to God through faith in the atoning merits of the blood of Jesus Christ and obedience to His Commandments. It eases the conscience, as being forgiven of a hopeless debt relieves the heart and mind of the honest man.

There never was a happy sinner in the world. All sinners who know that they are in sin can never be happy in that thought. The dread spectre of sins unforgiven arises in the quiet hour when he spends a while alone; in the hour of sickness, of trouble, of despair at meeting loved ones gone before to the better land. No, the sinner is not happy in his sins.

But will you look on the other side and consider the joys of sins forgiven?, I never lose a chance to preach to the men and women in a penitentiary. I never miss that. I never remind them of the dark and unfortunate past. That is cruel and is taking undue advantage. I tell them of heaven, of how men can come back, of the complete victory over sin. One morning a governor sent a bunch of pardons to the warden. At the close of the sermon on "My Hope of Heaven," over five hundred men arose to profess faith in Christ and promise God to go straight, trot square, join some church and live for Christ. Then the pardons were read: "Eph Higgins," was

the name called again and again. Finally a guard nudged a little black, greasy, bullet headed nigger and said, "Wake up, you fool nigger; don't you know you are pardoned?" "Yas, suh, but ah nevah knowed it were foh me." And that is the way some men hear of the law of pardon. They never conceive the idea that it is for them at all.

Then, saved and redeemed by the blood of Christ, he can sing:

"Freed from the law, Oh, happy condition,
Christ is now willing and there is remission.
Cursed by the law and ruined by the fall,
Christ hath redeemed us once for all."

I am a child of God and a follower of Christ because this relationship is a restraint from future sin. I do not claim that it eradicates the sin route or root nor all the temptation to sin. But I do say that there is power in the blood of Christ to fortify a man against sin. It did that for me and it did it for others who are born again.

It will take away the old life. A good woman came to me one night crying and said: "My husband, who is a railroad conductor, is drinking again. Pray for him." I did. She took the children and went to her father's and her husband laid drunk for nearly two weeks. One night she saw him at the meeting and knew he was recovering. She went home, cleaned up the house and the next night her husband gave his heart to God at the Tabernacle. I rode in with him off his run

the next fall. I was returning from a hunting trip. He said: "Clyde, I had been on periodical sprees for fifteen years. I had made up my mind there was no hope. I wasn't strong enough myself to overcome it. But when God saved me, it seems that He even took away the desire for drink and I haven't even had any craving for it since then." Saved and kept!

To follow Christ will bring new desires and hopes. Built on hope and faith and contradistinctive to the destructiveness of sin, the Christian life must afford the soul new hopes and desires or the Christian must not further advertise such claims.

In Paris, Texas a good woman used to come by our front gate three times a day with her husband. Finally, one day, I went out to the gate as she came by alone and said: "Mrs. Johnson, why do you always go to town with your husband? Ma never goes to town with Pa every time he goes to town." The mist came in her big brown eyes and she said: "Well, you are a boy and your home is different. But my husband has lost his job in the shops as master mechanic three times through drink and had to work back up. If he gets drunk again, we are done, for he is now too old to ever climb back. If he went alone and smelled the drink in passing, he would be drunk in two hours. So, I take him down and go and get him and bring him back. He is stronger now, and some day he can walk it alone." I lived

to see him become a member of my Daddy's church, and then he went alone and never fell again. "If Jesus goes with me, I'll go anywhere" became his favorite song. Saved and kept!

Because to be a Christian and follow Christ refines and elevates the life, I would be a Christian. It changes one's way of living. Thoughts are things. Like the vital spot in the egg of a fish, it has the power of growth into something strong enough and powerful and skillful enough to climb like a streak of light the mighty mountain waterfall as does the rainbow trout.

A tabernacle usher in our Greeley, Colo., meeting was arguing with a plain drunk. That Swede peddled milk and had more whiskey on and in him than any other I ever saw try for church. "Nothing doing," said the usher. Can't come in here." I said, "Listen, brother, have you got a cold spot in the house?" "Yes," he said, "on the north side; zero in that corner." "Well, set him in the coldest spot and let me shoot the gospel to him." When the call was given, the Swede took up all the wide aisle coming forward. He began it all over again that night with Christ. The meetings closed and ten years went by. One night in Longmont, Colo., he came to me and said, "Do you know me?" I said: "No." Then he told me how the men in the church had set him up and going, and that he was then the superintendent of the Sunday school numbering over 800, and had been for years. Saved and kept!

To follow Christ changes one's manners, body and character. I preach a Christ who does all that. It is a scientific fact that every particle of the entire human body changes once in every seven years. But God does more than the body can do for itself and does it quicker. The change in the soul comes swiftly and immediately and permanently. The conviction is definite. Later tempted? Yes. Tried? Yes. Burdened? Yes. But gloriously victorious.

In Wilkes-Barre, Pa., one of the converts desired to quit the wild life of his gang. They held him and poured the whiskey down him and called it the "Water Cure." They threw him through the front plate glass of a saloon in on the saloon floor and nearly cut his throat. In his dazed condition, the saloon keeper and old pussy barkeep threw him out in the rain. He wandered about all day and finally came again to the Tabernacle, told, as best he could, what happened and we had him cared for, bathed, dressed, sewed and fed. We took personal care of him until he was safe again and the last I heard of him, he was the trusted employee of an iron works and happy on the way. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. The Lord will remember him in time of trouble." Saved and kept!

Let me say here that some of the coarsest examples of the ungodly are not among the down and outs, but among the wealthy also and some of them may be professing Christians. We have

a high brow bunch who openly make fun of God, religion, conversion, preachers, evangelists, churches, and even of the Holy Spirit. They deride motherhood, horrify young married girls who are to become mothers and love and want their children with the natural and tender mother love, mock at reverence, are swept off their feet by lust, count no law of God or man as of any value to them, no obligation however sacred considered binding, either marital, religious or legal. Such people do more to curse the world and the church and to lose for themselves friends than all the black legged gamblers in the wide world—and God knows I hold no brief for the gambler.

What is Christianity if it does not improve one in character? Reputation is one thing. Character is something else entirely. It enables one to throw off the old ways and temptations and stand out among the common herd as do the pyramids above the level plains of the land of Sesostris Rameses.

In Belleville, Kansas, a young lady of prominent family went forward in the meetings and gave her life to Christ. The next morning one of the young social set said: "Oh, I hear that last night you joined the church. Too bad, kid, that you are taking the cares of life on your shoulders while so young." "Now, you haven't heard me say so, have you?" "Oh, no, but I certainly never would give up my gay young life to any old church. However, guess I'll see you at the ball

tomorrow night." "No, I guess not." "Why, why? Aren't you ever going to have no more fun?" "Listen, I won't be there from the fact that I can't live as I think a Christian should live and go the route I have been going. So, please forget it?"

I follow Christ again because it puts one into the best society that the world affords. Who are the best society? Not the high rollers and the 400. Let me draw you a comparison. The so-called best society drink red wine, wear low neck dresses, keep late hours, play cards, swear and commit adultery. In another part of the town where the red light should really hang out if their story were to be told, as some of the men know it, the residents there drink red wine, wear low neck dresses, keep late hours, play cards, swear and commit adultery. What is the difference? None. Only the street address.

Such people should not be considered in fact the leading citizens and church members. In what do they lead? In the church? No. In the prayer meeting? No. In missionary offerings? No. In personal work? No. In the work of this revival to save men from sin? No. Then leaders in what? Well, in the dress balls, card games, and all such other stunts including the racing season which is the betting season in many places, that are pulled off to amuse the idle rich, the "never-wassers," the "would-bes" and the "ever-trying," who are hangers on and haven't

sense enough to see that they are not wanted. Better trot in your own class and you will feel better and do more good.

I know men who might have done well in life if they had not been discouraged by extravagant wives and daughters who drank champagne on a lager beer salary; smoked Fatima's on a cob-pipe and long green wage, rode in a limousine on a wheel-barrow income and wore silks and brocades on a calico allowance. I hold that when a man is soundly converted, he will strike balance, get his bearings and climb to his rightful place in this old world.

Too many have to go the prodigal route, be reduced to shame, friendless, homeless, wandering, starving and in the hog pen before they come to themselves and try to do any better.

There are young people here tonight who, if they will only look back over the backward track in this city and see the human wrecks strewn up and down, far and wide, will shut off the steam, give her the sand and pull the air before going to the same destruction. That is why I preach like a steam engine in breeches and doubled and twisted thunder and lightning—to help save the young. Missionaries tell us that little can be done for the old people in darkness. Therefore, they work fast with the children and through them reach the case hardened parents.

A mighty storm raged in the south. The rivers were bank full, The bridges were unstable

and miles of track was submerged in the bottoms. As number 21 rushed by the tower the watchman threw him the red light. Word had come that the river bridge two miles down the grade straightaway was out. The engineer was evidently dozing. Anyway, he roared by the red light and into the raging torrent and all his precious cargo, crew and all, were lost. Not a soul got out. So, God's men and women stand in the towers of faith and throw the danger signal, and cry to poor sinners, "Turn ye, oh, turn ye. Oh why will ye die?" and thousands rush on to certain destruction for which there is no help.

God-fearing, Christian people are the very best of society. I feel that as the son of a minister and having been reared under such influences, I have been all my life in the very best society that the world affords—education, refinement, morals, character, courage, protection from vile lust and the horrors that attend it. Do I take any credit to myself for this? I certainly do not. Do I deserve the credit that should be given a man who has had the world and the devil to always fight and has overcome? Not on your life! Can I ever give an experience like Jerry McCauley gave? Or Lucky Baldwin, or Sillaway? Not in a thousand years. That wasn't my lot. But had my father lived before me as some fathers live in this city before their sons, I would curse the day that he had ever been my father.

Call back, as you walk down the halls of mem-

ory and look into the sweet, cold faces of the beloved dead long since loved and lost awhile. Call the roll of the good men and women who lived so simply and humbly, gave with such unstinted measure of devotion and so unostentatiously, think of the man who took you by the hand and helped you to your feet when you wavered on the brink of despair in sin. Who was it? A God-fearing Christian. An old mother, father or an old preacher. You owe your life and success to-day and so do I to such men as those. And when I die, I want a lot of such people to come to my funeral and crowd around the little white cottage in which I live and fill the village church. I want the choir to sing the old-time songs my mother used to sing like "Yonder over the rolling river, where the shining mansions rise, soon will be our home forever and the smile of the blessed giver, gladdens all our longing eyes." Amen. And then I want an old-time preacher who still believes the Bible and that Jesus is my Savior, who believes in the power of the atoning blood, in the miracles and all, yes, thank God, all, to preach my funeral and just say that I believed it all to the last fleeting breath and was contented to give my life without stint of measure or pride in the things of the world to lift men up from sin. Then put on my grave stone my name, "Preacher of the gospel, friend of sinners."

It was in a great meeting for men only in Falls City, Neb. A man in middle life arose at the

altar and said: "Men I had a good mother. She has been praying for me for all of my life. I have broken her heart. I have been a disgrace to my wife and home, to my little children. But her prayers have never ceased to follow me and I stand here today saved by the grace of God in answer to my mother's prayers." Who crowded down those aisles and sawdust trails to shake his hand and say: "God bless you?" Hundreds of the best men in that state that God's sun ever shone on.

To follow Christ better fits one for business. It puts into a man's life the element that best fits him for getting on in the world. It gives him health. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth." "Be strong and show thyself a man." Industry. "Seest thou a man diligent in his calling. He shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men." Honesty. "Render to no man evil for evil." "Deal justly with all men." Woe unto you rich men, extortioners." The curse of this country today economically is that a bunch of young bucks are getting their hands on the necessities of life, and having no religion nor care for their brothers and fellows whom they should know in the dark as well as in the light, give themselves to graft, greed and monopoly. The man who monopolizes a necessity of life so that poor men must pay the price, starve or go naked is a robber. He is in the same class with the man who pokes a gun under your nose and

says: "Hands up, shell out." Without God and the church, one forgets how to be honest.

The religion of Christ is your compass on the high sea of business and professional integrity. When you lose that, you are no longer to be trusted to do business, for in no other is there safety. Religion can't furnish one with brains. But it will certainly help him to use to the utmost advantage all that he has.

To follow Christ makes one a better and abler business or professional man. If you had two doctors—one a believer in God and the other an infidel, which would you call? So on right down the list. The man who leaves God out can expect that he himself will be left out by those whose favor he courts and by the which he must live.

I would follow Christ and be His man because Christ in me the hope of glory lived out in daily life is my best recommendation to strangers. Let me give you some distinguished testimony. An old preacher had two sons named John and Charlie. Seattle was booming and they caught the western fever. Finally the old father went out with them and helped them find splendid employment. The gruff old boss man in the big factory said: "Lemme see them credentials." They handed them through the wicket and he turned through them in a disinterested manner until he found a letter which read: "This is to CERTIFY that John and Charlie Hill are members of the above-named church in good standing and full

fellowship, and as such we heartily commend them to your Christian love and oversight. John is superintendent of our Bible School and Charlie is President of the young people's work. They are worthy, well qualified, duly and truly prepared for any Christian work," and signed by the State ex-clerk of the session. "Young men, you are employed." "Mr. Hill, I will pay you a salary and expenses to bring me young men like these to place in the positions of trust in this organization." They drew pay while others walked the streets and hunted.

I follow Christ again because of what it can do for the home of a poor man. It can do as much for the rich man also, but the poor man often feels that religion is just for the few and not to be taken seriously by the poor.

I feel sorry for some of my rich friends—those who have great wealth. I go often to their homes. The poor man who was once his dear and trusted friend sets up the imaginary barrier and thinks himself outclassed. He feels that he is not wanted. He avoids his old friend. The man of wealth is so tremendously occupied with keeping what he has that he soon quits visiting, locks himself in his mansion or castle and longs for just anybody to talk to. He can't wear but about one shirt a week and get the good out of it, eat only three meals a day, and where is the gain?

Born on the farm and reared poor but honest,

I know the heart of the poor man. The honored guest often at the festal board of millionaires as an after dinner speaker, I know the life and viewpoint of the rich. But when a poor man has only Christ, he seems to trust in Christ alone while for the man of great wealth there may be just a little natural tendency to say:—"Am I not rich? Have not all men and all things their price?"

Old Charlie Smith lived in Kansas. A tent revival was on in the town but he had never been. The Evangelist looked across the branch to the Smith home and said to the pastor: "Let's go over and see him." "Taint no use," said the pastor, "I've run my legs off after fellows like him and they never darken the door unless for a funeral." "But isn't he one for whom Christ died?" "Yes. Well, if you want to go, I will go along with you." When they talked a while to the old man, they went up to the little boxed house. "Good morning, Mrs. Smith, have you been to the big meetings up at the tent?" "No, brother, we never go nowheres." "Well, come tonight." "We can't. We aint got no clothes fer the children to wear." As they came up to the door the children made a dive for their mammy like little ground hogs running for holes. On one side the room stood a sad faced young girl, hair disheveled, dress dirty and ragged and looked the picture of poverty and want. As they talked an old hen flew up into the back door to sing her springtime song. A pig came in and rooted into

the hen. As she squawked, Mrs. Smith called "Shew, git out 'er here." The preachers turned away. "Didn't I tell you," said the pastor? And I don't blame the pastors for becoming discouraged. They run after the unsaved until their tongues hang out and some never show the decency to even come across the road to hear them preach the wonderful words of life until they are brought in feet foremost in a pine box. And there is a lot of digging around going on but these said sinners aren't helping with it. A lot of flowers, but they don't smell them. That night, they came to meeting, Charlie and his family, and stood outside. He held the next to youngest baby, and Mrs. Smith the little "young un," as some anxious to do a little high society call their babies. They came the third time, were converted and clothed by the friends who saw their need. The revival closed. Ten years went by. Passing through the town again the evangelist said to the pastor in charge: "Is there a fellow here, poor and with a big family by the name of 'Old Charlie Smith'?" "Look here, brother, go light on that. He is one of our foremost men in this city and proprietor of a big store." "You don't say." "Yes, I do say." Come, let me show you what the gospel can do for the home of a poor man." They went up Broadway. What a home! Shade, flowers, carriage and horses, brocades, tapestries, solid silver, cut glass, Madeira, and what not? As they came to the door, Smith arose from the table and

said: "Well, will you look who's here? Come right in here preachers and let me show you what Christ has done for the home of a poor man." The children were nearly grown. The house exquisite. Music, flowers, books and all. The older daughter teaching in the High School. They called for the Bible, had prayers, called back the old days and praised God for what the gospel can do for the home of a poor man.

In view of the fact that the church is a safeguard to the nation as a factor in civilization, reform and education, in morals, in business; and since there is such a vast difference between the people who serve God and those who serve the devil—a difference in their environment, surroundings, hopes and ideals; how then can you bring yourself to be contented and live in sin?

If you have never taken a public stand for Christ, or have back-slidden, you are still on the side of the devil and against Christ and His influence.

In view of the fact that you expect some time to take this step; you see it's influence over the life of others and would not think of dying without God, and in view of the fact that you cannot predict the day of your death, why not get right with God tonight, straighten out the record of the past, and claim the victory through faith in Jesus Christ our Lord?

CLEANING UP THE TOWN.

A SERMON TO MEN ONLY.

Text.—"Who is on the Lord's side, let him come over unto me."

This city is on the side of the angels when it comes to opportunities for education, financial and social progress and the extension of its geographical boundaries.

I could stand here this afternoon for hours and tell you of the riches of this state, the fertility of its valleys, its broad extended plains, its mountains filled with minerals and oil, its glorious schools and colleges, the beauty of its womanhood and tell the truth in every line. But that is not my purpose.

I have come here to tell you that unless you are on God's side and have come over unto Him, that you are on the road to hell as surely as God is in heaven, that a shot gun is made of iron, that God almighty made little apples and that a hog is headed for the meat house.

I am no pussy-footer nor soft peddler. The law of God, like the laws of this land, mean something or nothing. You are either a child of God or of the Devil. Righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people.

No town is strictly clean and moral that has

in it one who violates God's laws. If you want to do right, I will help you. I am not here to fight but to convert. If in the course of this sermon you find that you are at outs with God, lost, backslidden, undone, will you be man enough to come clean, or will you dodge the issue and hasten on to destruction?

The world has gone stark crazy over money. They bow only before the idols of pleasure and gold. The old folks dig day and night to make it and the young folks lie awake at night studying how to blow it. Men strain every nerve like horses pulled until they are blind, trying to get money to pay large premiums of life insurance, and it is well for one to provide well for his family, but you neglect and refuse God your service, die early, your wife is married in three months to some lopped-eared, cigarette-smoking hound pup. This said hair-brained bird sits out on your front porch, slaps your children over the ears until their noses bleed, curses your wife to make her give him money, spends his nights as a lounge or tango lizzard while your wife slaves for him. And there you lie out there in the rain in the graveyard and haven't been in hell ten minutes until you crack your heels together and wish to God you hadn't come.

Men forget God's care. Do you remember, brother, when you were given up for dead and you promised God that if he would raise you up that you would join the church and be a true,

good man? Remember when you had one lung nearly gone and they laid you on a stretcher in the baggage car and you just prayed to God to let you get there in time to die, and when God raised you up, you forgot to even look the Lord's way. Remember when your wife was dying and you saw your little children by the bed hungry and dirty and about to be motherless, and you fell down beside her bed and cried to God to save your dear wife and the mother of your little children, and when God raised her up, you wouldn't even hitch up an old lop-eared mule to a rattle trap buggy to let her and the children go to church. God have mercy on you. Will you curse and turn your back on Him who smote the rock, sent the quails and the heavenly manna?

There comes a time in the economy of God and of men when drastic measures are the only hope. God sent the flood on the ante-diluvians, the fire on Sodom and when his patience again goes the limit, He will destroy the earth by fire. I wonder that He lets us live on in our sins. All signs preceding His coming have been fulfilled and He may appear at any time. To stand now is to stand then. To stand then is to stand forever. "Show me the company you keep," said my mother, "and I will show you who you are." "Be not deceived, evil companions corrupt good manners."

Therefore, if you are guilty of the things that rot the life of this city, you are particeps crimini

and the only honorable and just thing to do is to clean up or move out.

We once had some neighbors on the farm who had a mighty bad "cuttin' scrape" over a line fence. They finally decided to leave it to the surveyor. They trusted it to him and that ended it. So we will let God run the lines on us here this afternoon and will trust it to Him to make the chart and give us what is coming to us.

Cussin! My Bible says "Swear not at all." What is the attitude of business toward this? Here comes a young man who wants a job. We take him to the banker, the school board, the Masonic Lodge, the merchant, the railroad, the telegraph, telephone and when they find out that he can curse longer in a high key and one breath than anything known otherwise as a bi-ped unclassified, they say: "Get out of here. Nothing doing!" Where will he go? He can't even join any lodge unless it is the Owls, Bats or Pole Cats. Only two places await him with a welcome, and one is the jail and the other the poor house, or the insane asylum.

Nothing is more terrific than the way our women and children of this country are learning to swear. It is pathetic. A kid stood on the corner cussing a blue streak. He rattled it off like a machine gun in Flanders. "My soul," said a preacher to him, "I never heard such a piece of cussing since God made me a white man." "Huh," said the boy, "That ain't nothin'. Yer orter been

here yesterday when ma caught her thumb in the ringer. She beat me all holler."

"Darn," "durn," "daggone," and "dam" all run in the same class.

Profanity is hysteria run mad. A great general of the civil war and Washington of the revolution taught their men even under the stress of the hell that war is, to refrain from swearing—that if they were in a tight place they couldn't afford to lose their heads, and if not, there was no excuse for it.

The laws of this land are designed to protect the people and insure domestic tranquility, the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. A law that is a dead law should in mercy to the public be repealed or removed from the statute books. But if left to be enforced, it should be enforced, or it will become necessarily a joke, a hiss and a by-word, and this holds true in the matter of laws against profanity and obscene language.

Do you think the great God is on the side of gossip and slander? The Bible, my mother's Bible, says: "He that seemeth to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, he deceiveth himself and his religion is vain." It tells of the fiery tongue set on fire of hell. "Not a gossipier, not double tongued." Some folks have tongues long enough to run to the top of a telegraph pole and lick the insulators. Nothing can out-talk an old, long-tongued woman but one thing and that is an old,

long-tongued man with a "chaw of terbaccer" as big as a goose egg in his jaw and who squirts ambier like a street sprinkler on a windy day in August. Such a man looks to me like a cross between a spittoon and a beer keg with a string around it for a necktie.

People do despise to have their private affairs gossiped all over the town concerning every little bargain, purchase and deposit. The vilest, most degraded old libertine can start a report that will break the strongest bank, destroy the sweetest home, blight the life of the fairest maiden whose life and character are as sweet and unsullied as a June rose, and as lovely as an angel's dream.

Good!
When I was a boy I heard of a farmer who had a mighty bad bull dog. That dog was the terror of the neighborhood. He was stealthy, quick as a wink, and vicious. An old farmer neighbor came whistling by going to the hay field with a fork on his shoulder and this dog was on him before he could say "scat." Quick as a flash he socked that fork through him and he died on those tines without a yelp. Over the fence came the old man and his boys a cussin' to beat the band. "Why didn't you come at him with the other end of that fork?" said the old man who owned the dog. "Well," said the neighbor, "why didn't the fool dog come at me with the other end?" So I fight the devil with fire. Why? Nothing else moves him.

Gambling and the gambler. Is God for or

against? Which side are you on? The laws of God and the state are all against it. There is no law whatsoever by which you can ever hope to collect a gambling debt. Texas makes card playing a felony. This law is designed to protect the public credit. Slot machines, roulette wheels, faro banks and such other devices are scientifically designed to keep 92% of all money ever put into them. When you fool with them, you know in advance that only eight possible chances out of a hundred can ever bring you a penny of return.

Gambling is progressive. First there is the social game. Then the real thing. First the penny ante, then the sky limit. If an old gambler gets down sick, don't give him medicine. Just deal him three aces and he will set right up and play out his hand. All young sports dream of three aces and stacks of winnings, but they all in time come out with a bob-tailed flush, sitting with some stone faced bunch in some "heavenly rest."

A mother heard her geese squawking. She ran to the door and cried: "Oh, my son, my son," to a little boy in blue breeches, "don't kill my little goslings." "Well, mammy," the old gander bit me." "Kill the old gander then." "But mammy, these is going to be ganders after a while," and the mad little rascal went right on pulling their heads off and slamming them down on the hard ground with a thud. Take it from me, a man

or woman who teaches one of his children to play cards in the home or away, puts a ring in that boy's nose or a strap around that girl's neck by which the gambling fraternity will some day lead them whither they will, "What fools these mortals be."

The gambler's family is also under a cloud. The mother and daughters may possibly be very beautiful and nicely dressed but they are left off the list when it comes to the social and moral events of the community because of the life of the father or brother. "He's a black leg gambler." A gambler is despised by the women and feared by the men. At times, he may be a kind-hearted and generous man to those he likes, but when pressed or put in a tight place he will become a tiger and rend you asunder.

Where will you begin to rout it? Begin with your own self before thinking even of others. The average home life is a cross between a smutty story, a gamble and a damn. Every argument is met with a bet, money drawn like pistols and a stake holder selected. Then the argument proceeds. Even church people, elders, deacons, stewards, members of sessions and Sunday school teachers will go to card parties and play for money on the side, go to races, buy tickets on ponies and bet the last dollar they can borrow and beg. You get gambling and then gambling gets you, like dope gets the movie actors. Churches, business houses and all sell tickets for chances

on all manner of things from lingerie to high priced automobiles and diamond rings, and all under the name of religion. In this case the end in view certainly does not justify the means. It is piffle and rot and will damn the spiritual life of the home, business and the church.

The Louisiana Lottery was an octopus of hell that sapped the life of this nation. It became so rotten that the government had to stop it. In its palmy days after the Civil War a committee of men came to that prince of southern generals and educators, Robert E. Lee, of my native south-land, and offered him \$10,000 salary, large holdings of stock and other emoluments if he would accept the presidency of said Louisiana Lottery. He drew himself up, buttoned tightly over his chest that lovely suit of gray adorned with gold buttons presented to him just before the fall of Richmond, a gift from the ladies of the southern Confederacy and said: "Gentleman, no stain nor any shame has ever been cast upon the name of Robert E. Lee, and I take great pleasure in refusing your kind and generous offer. So, I bid you good-day, good-evening, good-bye."

The pool room is the favorite hanging out place for the criminals of today. There and in the dope parlors. It is raided by the police. Why don't they throw out a cordon of detectives or police around this meeting here tonight instead of around the pool rooms and dance halls? Why? Because where the carcass is there do the eagles

be gathered together and they seek darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil.

If I ever caught a boy of mine around a pool room, I would apply a hornets nest to the seat of his pants and make his shirt tail hunt the moon and send him home so fast across the back lots that he would have to have a cold wet rag hung on behind him to keep from setting the weeds afire!

The thugs and gamblers, high jackers and yeggmen all hang together. You touch one and you have the whole hellish outfit to lick to a frazzle. They never quit and they never forget and they never give up. Over in old Illinois where I held a Union Tabernacle Campaign and fought the whiskey and gambling bunch every day I was there, a widow sent her son to town with over \$800 worth of hogs, wheat and corn. He got the money in cash and it was the biggest roll he ever saw or ever had. The gamblers got him in tow and took him up to their room called the "boar's nest." Most fitting name. They picked him clean as a goose. When he wanted them to give him back part of that eight hundred to pay his dead father's note at the bank, one of the gamblers cracked him with a pair of brass knucks. To make a good job of it, another whipped out an old hawk-billed knife and cut his throat almost to decapitation. Then they threw him down a flight of stairs and his body rolled almost into the Illinois river. When the coro-

ner's inquest was held the next morning, the verdict was quickly given and read like this: "We find that the deceased died of heart failure." My God, I should think that his heart would fail. Oh, Oh, when will men wake up and put an end to such cussedness and extreme villainy and stand like men for the righteousness that exalteth a nation?

When I see officers of the law who try to do their duty I give my heart and hand to back them to the last ditch. But when I am fully led to believe that they are rotten, I flay them right and left and tell the people so. Enforcement of the law lies fundamentally in the wishes and hearts of the people. Now don't tell me it doesn't. I mean prohibition and all, the whole works. When church members want to do right and see the town cleaned up, they can have it done. But when they set their hearts for a wide open town and to raise hell, then hell they do raise and God visits on them to the third and fourth generations. When we can get some of these old hypocrite church members to quit making home brew and hurrying home from church to take it off, we can take a long step for God and righteousness. Yes, sir.

Some city officials remind me of the old brother who had a lot of cats. All kinds of cats and all colors. At milking time they stormed the cow lot and the barn for milk and kept mewling until they got it. "What in the world are you

doing with all these cats," said his friend. "Oh, them's the finest cats you ever see. They never ketched a mice er a rat that I ever heard of. But they will shore eat all the rats and mice that you will kill and bring to 'em." And that is exactly the attitude of the average city or state official. The preachers and churches have to raise the very old devil about what is going on before they will listen and then they may tell you: "Well, if you are willing to swear out a warrant yourself and furnish the witnesses and stand good for the costs, we will serve the papers." To hell with such rot. No wonder we are under the greatest wave of crime and lawlessness that this old world ever saw. We are the greatest killers in the world. In New York they killed a man a day for the first ninety days of 1922. In Chicago it beat that. God have mercy on this nation if the people of God don't awake, arouse and hold union revivals where these things can be aired and public sentiment set into the hearts of the people like leaven in the lump.

God and infidelity are eternally at variance. The Bible said "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Where shall the infidel go? He is not wanted in the lodge, the church, the school nor the bank. Nothing is welcoming him but the jail or the insane asylum. Infidelity affirms nothing and denies everything. It has no song. It is a carrion crow. It feeds only on the things that are dead and should in mercy have been

buried. It picks at the sores of the church, tells of the downfall of some poor mut of a preacher, sits high on the citadel like dame rumor and caws with a hoarse call. Robert Dale Owen, I am told, preached infidelity up and down this land. He established here the shining mark, the monument to the failure of communism, at New Harmony, Ind., where you will be shown the reputed track of an angel in a rock, and returned to England to die in a mad house. No God, no hope, all lost.

Infidelity takes men as prey to the vulture of free love as the compass needle points the way to the pole. I saw a splendid physician in a town where I lived fall under the death shot from the hands of a woman of whom he had become enamored. She called him to her home in professional capacity. He came again and again. When the irate husband came home "at the wrong time" he plunged that little town into despair when he shot the back of this doctor's head off. When any man loses faith in God, he wanders from the path of right as a lost child in a strange forest on a dark night.

The virtue of our womanhood, their tender loveliness, is the rampart of our Christian civilization. Nothing can take its place. When you, through seduction, innuendo or direct proposal destroy that, you are a dirty, unprincipled dog, a lop-eared hound dog, a black-hearted anarchist

and a bolshevist to the best things of human progress in this native land.

From the day when Noah's daughters made their father drunk, to this good day of our Lord, my God and red liquor have been mortal enemies. "Who hath woes, who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine." For eighty-four years this land walked under the cloud and shame of the hellish liquor traffic. It sent 160,000 men annually to the drunkard's grave; nine thousand little babies slept on and smothered by drunken daddies in the last year we had the open saloon; \$2,000,000,000 our yearly drink bill; and I say today that any man who would stand up and fight in the open or in private to turn back the pages of our civilization this eighty-four years and make of our sons a drove of maudling simpletons and our daughters dragged into the slime that goes with drink deserves a thousand times more to sit in an electric chair than in any governor's chair. Christian man, watch your legislature and congress for eternal vigilance is the only price of liberty.

My coffin nail brethren. God help them. The cigarette is fire on the one end and fool on the other. Men chew tobacco through the chewing instinct, and men smoke it through the sucking, the nursing instinct. A sugar teat is not so manly but would do them much more good.

The cigarette contains lime, furfural and ar-

senic. Put a cigarette in a saucer of water. Let it stand a day or so. Draw the water off it into a hypodermic and shoot it under the hide of an old tom or pussy cat and watch it yow yow and die in horrible agony as if it had been given a pill of potassium cyanide.

Cigarettes pump the heart to death, dry out the membranes of the throat and bronchial tubes, opening the way to cancers and tuberculosis, incapacitates the memory, wrecks the nerves. It is sure to attend criminals. 90% of the boys brought into the criminal courts of New York have their hands stained with cigarettes. The head of the business department of Ann Arbor says: "I have never been able to make a first-class stenographer of a cigarette smoker. The slogan of the tobacco companies is "cigarette in the mouth of every boy in America." In China it is the same slogan. The Chinamen, rated among actuaries to be the most honest in the world, and certainly the most ingenious—inventors of gun powder, showed their protest against drugs by publicly burning \$5,000,000 worth of opium in their streets. Yet we send missionaries in the state rooms and load the holds of our ships with booze and opium to damn the good the missionaries can do and excuse it by saying: "Oh, it's good business." For women, cigarette smoking is the last word or degeneracy. It started in the house of prostitution and belongs where it started. When I see a woman with one, I say:

"Good bye, old floozie, that's all I want to know about you."

The house of prostitution leads to hell. There is absolutely no compromise on that. From the time the Bible said "Thou shalt not commit adultery" and "Go not after the peril that walketh by night" to this good day, God has visited the horrors and tortures of the damned on men who have tampered with this foundation of leprosy, physical and moral. Its principal origin is with the dance. It is there that the first seed is sown. 150,000 girls go annually to ruin through this form of destruction. 450,000 out of 500,000 fallen women in this land under government survey today where public clinics in large cities are held for their treatment, admit that they began their downfall in the dance hall.

Dr. Morrow, of New York City, says: "There are 343,000 cases of venereal diseases in New York. 500,000 old cases making 843,000 cases known now; that every other man or woman you may meet may be thus diseased. He estimates that 160,000 girls enter that life annually. 80% of these are trapped and sold. The rest enter voluntarily. The average price paid for a girl for that life is \$100. 84% come from the dance halls and the rest from cigar and cigarette stands, are employed in amusement places or have run away from home. Their mothers speak of them as "gone astray."

Fifty years ago, men from the north came

down into my native southland and freed the nigger. They sowed down the lovely south in tears and blood and ashes. They burned the barns, killed the cattle and hogs and ate them. They carried away the horses. But they freed the nigger and saved the Union. For a while there was hate, sorrow, regret. My own dear grandfather who had over one hundred slaves, said: "Lincoln will never free the nigger and if he does, they will return to their masters." But he lived to see both. Now slavery is a closed incident. God has healed the wounded hearts as the beautiful carpet of green covers the scars of war and the graves of our heroic soldier dead of both opposing sides. But it took the men of our southland from the days of Sam Jones and George Stuart on, with flaming tongues of fire, with bold and able advocacy, to come to yankee land and free our northern as well as southern brethren from the slavery of drink, and most gladly have they also welcomed the result. Some day, please God, a tall white shaft shall pierce to heaven in honor of those brave men who helped in this, and hundreds of thousands will journey annually to do homage as they do to the tombs of Lincoln and of Washington.

The cure for prostitution lies in strong measures. It takes aqua fortis to remove warts, acid to cut grease and dynamite to burst granite.

Down in old Georgia is a princely Baptist preacher. Sam Jones said he was ten pounds

of hair and ninety pounds of courage. All told about a hundred pounds. His name is Len G. Broughton. An old mother wrote him that her little golden headed girl, as fair a flower as ever grew on a hill side in old Georgia, a maid of striking beauty, had come up to old Atlanta to get a place in a department store. Three weeks had passed and not a word to the old mother, when she had been writing almost daily, Dr. Broughton sent out a detective who located the girl, nude and locked in an upstairs room on a certain corner in a house of shady repute. In frantic condition the child would come to the window and reach her bare arms above the curtains and cry: "Oh, my God! Send some one here to get me. Father, why don't you come. Can't you hear? Don't you know?" Dr. Broughton sent his assistant around in the carriage to get the girl. The old dame who bossed the joint hung a beer bottle over his left ear, taking out the crown of a new straw hat to the tune of the "Alcoholic Blues." That nigger driving the returning carriage made it lonesome around that end of town right now. Dr. Broughton heard the report and took his lady assistant and carried a gold headed cane, a relic of old days. They went out and he said, "Nigger, drive us back where you came from." "Oh, my Gawd, Doctah, you sholy don't mean dat. Have dat monstrous ole woman dessicate on you like she did on that

othah white fellah. Oh, my Gawd, you gwine tell me when ah gwine to die."

"Take me back over there, nigger. Do as I tell you," and they drove away. They got out. The negro driver look like ashes. Broughton knocked on the door with his cane and when the old gal came to the door, he said, "Madame, I came here for Miss ———. She is here up-stairs and you are going to give her to me to send home to her mother." "You git to hell out o' here," said the old woman, as she reached for a beer bottle to throw. "You get up that stairs and bring her here quick or I'm coming in there after you, and get blood and brains and hair." "Oh, my God," she said, and started up the steps in her old loose mother hubbard two steps at a time, and Broughton right after her with his cane. She opened the door, yanked the girl out, turned her over to the preacher who bought her ticket, had her dressed and sent her back home to her mother. But, oh, God, have mercy on those poor girls who were not saved, whose lives were broken and whose bodies were dragged down forever to shame and when dead were covered with quick lime. In New York last year over 100,000 young women and girls went away from home to shop, visit or to matinees, some to church, and some runaways never to be even heard of again. They dropped as completely from the face of God's green earth as if swallowed by an earthquake. Why so many? Why no clue? Why no return in

time? I'll tell you why. They were lured by poisoned fruit, drugged, wined and dined, taken to houses of ill fame, placed in hands of an impious old wench known as "The Landlady" or "The Madame," who stripped her of her clothing, locked her up in a room until she was broken in spirit, virtue and all. Then she took the girl, fed her the best of everything, bought her fine clothes, gave her some money to spend. The girl knew what she had then done and was ashamed to go home any more. Three years is the average life for such unfortunates, and when they are dead, they are turned over into a pauper's grave, buried in a pine box as naked as a new born babe or quietly lowered into an acid vat or pit filled with quick lime that consumes the last vestige of flesh and bone. How long, Oh Lord, how long? How can even a mighty God forgive a man or a woman who has had any part in this or even frequented the place? But He says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow." There is hope only in God. Are you willing to come back with godly sorrow and try?

Oh, you never touched me," says one of you. "I never in my life did what you are talking about." Hold on, bud, I am coming to your case I have a pair of slippers for every man here this afternoon. When your pair is handed out, don't duck. Put them on like a man and say like David: "Oh, God, I'm sorry."

There is another man here who is a derelict on

life's ocean. He bears no cargo, flies no flag, is bound for no port. He is really one of the most dangerous men of all. He is a quiet, smooth duck. Not much to say. But when he says it, he gives the cause of Christ a stab to the heart. He ridicules skillfully, damns with faint praise.

He holds black-hearted hate in his heart for another. He would rather go to hell forever than forgive his enemy. He lives and hopes for revenge, to take his pound of flesh. Black-hearted hate sets back civilization more than anything else in the world. "Whoso hateth his brother abideth in death." You are according to that as much lost as a black-hearted hater as if you had been in hell for a thousand years.

The moral man who steadily refuses Christ is another dangerous man. None of the boys want to be like the old sot, the gambler and the high jacker. But they think what Mr. Step And Fetchit does is beyond compare. He pays every honest debt. He is rated in Dunn and Bradstreet's as A1. He is kind and generous to his family, gives largely through them to the church and to charity, but he crucifies the Son of God afresh and puts Him to an open shame. He hardens his heart to every appeal to give his heart to God. "These shall go away into everlasting fire, but the righteous into life eternal." Remember, oh man, that God hates your sin but He loves you with an undying love.

Bill Swallow was a pussy old bar-keep in

Sandy Hayes' saloon. He handed a telegram from his folks in old Ohio to Sandy and he opened and read: "If you want to see mother alive hurry. She is dying." Sandy took forty dollars from the till, and Bill took the money, hanged up his apron, wiped his hands and took the train. When he stepped onto the porch at his boyhood home, his mother called gently like she did when he was a little boy: "Come in Willie; I'm so glad you come. Willie, promise me that as I die, you will never drink again and that you will join the church and be good to your wife and children." He promised, and kissed her dear face. The angels came that night to bear her soul away. Bill cried with a broken heart. He turned away from that cold, wintry grave back to Illinois, went into the saloon, put on his apron and went on as ever. He took delirium tremens. He asked the sheriff to lock him up, where he endured that night the tortures of the damned. In that dread condition, his mother came in a picture and spoke gently to him reminding him of the broken promise. He left the jail, got his family, came to our Union Tabernacle that night, went forward, fell down at the altar and cried to God for mercy in the old-time way. The next night he asked to testify. He went on the platform and told his thrilling story, reminding some of the old brethren that he had sold whiskey to most of them who were there in the audience, and that they, too, were not without sin. "But now God has

saved me," he said, "And when I get to heaven I will take my dear old mother in my arms, kiss her sweet face, and tell her 'Thank God, mother, I have kept my promise.' "

Oh, man, far on in sin, will you answer your mother's prayers at this hour? Will you come home and be forgiven and go out of here and pledge to God and to the officers of this city, state and nation that you will do your best to help remove the temptations and stumbling blocks from the feet of the erring and thoughtless? Will you help poor sinners back to Christ, their only hope, and bring your own children up at the feet of the Master? Who is on the Lord's side, let him come up here and give me his hand and give God in complete surrender his heart. Amen and Amen.

FORGIVENESS.

Text: *"But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."* Matt. 5:44.

The sweetest note that ever rang from heaven in an angel's song is that of forgiveness. It blesses heaven, makes new the home and sheds a fragrance in its path that is sweeter than a jasmine flower.

Forgiveness is the brightest star in the dark night of revenge. It is the alleviating element in the alchemy in God's universe; the shock absorber, the bumper and the pneumatic cord of daily living.

I have always been thankful that God gave his people some hard things to do. He said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." And that was hard for a ruler of a synagogue and a teacher of the law to understand, but a little child with a heart full of faith has no trouble with that proposition. He said, "Bless them that curse you," while our tendency is to slap a man that does that for a row of telegraph poles, to just set him out on the end of the middle of next week. He said, "Bear ye one another's burdens." There are some burdens that we can bear for our friends and loved ones,

and some that we cannot, that they must bear for themselves. We can bear the burden of poverty by giving money for food and clothing. We can bear the burden of imprisonment by procuring bail or release on a writ. We can bear the burden of hunger by providing food, of nakedness by giving clothing; of homelessness by opening our doors, of sickness by medicine, surgery and nursing, and that is as far as we can go. But the burden of death, of thankless children, the burden of the ingrate, the drunken son, the prostitute girl, the tin horn gambling sport of a daddy, and the home broken by infidelity or double life. These are things we must bear only with the help of the Lord. For He has told us in His word, "To cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee." There is the advantage that the child of God has over the unsaved man. It is that of the child with a parent—he has a heavenly Father to whom to go and tell his troubles, disappointments and distress. He can lay it all at the feet of the heavenly Father who has said, "Cast ye all your care upon him and he will sustain you."

Love your enemies is another mighty task from a mighty God. Hate naturally returns hate. Anger, anger. And distrust is met again with distrust. Only love that will suffer all things, believe all things and hope all things can ever bridge the chasm. For the lack of this, homes are broken, hearts are torn and hopes dear to the

hearts of men and women are strewn along the sands of time like buffalo bones, in the seventies which were scattered over the Llano Estacado.

Another difficult saying is, "He who would come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." We fail here through love of the world, the flesh and the devil. On the western plains when the weather was hot and dry and the sun burned like fire, a traveller who was new in that country urged on his horse, until the horse could go no longer, then he got off and started on foot to what looked to be a beautiful lake of water, after he was exhausted. He met a man coming on horseback, who said in his kindly way, "Why, friend, that ain't no lake, that thar thing is a mirage, it's just a reflection on the cloud." And so men have rushed on in a maddening chase after the mirages of worldly pleasure and suffer for sin until they are exhausted, and only to find that it was empty pretense, and is all in vain.

There are thirty-three illusions each to condemnation and forgiveness in my mother's Bible. Our God does not seek after destruction; he is a God of love and mercy to all who are willing to even try to do his will; but being also a God of justice it is impossible for him to overlook the insult of unbelief and distrust, of disinterestedness and procrastination. But the hardest of all is for one who has grievously sinned against the love of the church and of his friends, his family

and society and yet does not want to be forgiven. He will meet no one on half way ground. With his own condition he is entirely satisfied. He wallows the candy ball of malice and venomous hate under his tongue as does a little child, and as loathe to give it up. He himself has no interest further in God's scheme of redemption relative to this point.

The old Jewish law was that of retaliation, hate was returned for hate, love for love, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, kinsmen for kinsmen, life for life, and death for death. I knock your eye out, you knock mine out. I knock your tooth out, you knock my tooth out; I kill you, your nearest kinsmen must kill me, unless I beat him to the house of refuge. In that event a trial was given and the man found guilty was turned over to an executioner.

Imagine if you can, the long step in civilization that these men had to take to accept the doctrine of the Christ which was that of peace and reconciliation. This is easy to learn if one will try, for the commands of God are not grievous, neither does he tempt any man above that which he is able to bear.

When I was a circuit rider preacher in the country I said to an old brother one night, "What ails this church, it surely has the devil in it?" Why, he said, Brother Fife, don't you know this church has been split for twenty years, and two men have been killed incident to this feud. You

see it's this way, the Smiths and the Williams are the two sides. It started over who would dip the ice cream at a church supper, then their men folks took up the spat, and there has not been a convert by profession of faith in this church since I can remember." I sat there in silence and watched the flames flap up around those hickory logs in the fire-place and soon told him good night and went to bed. The next morning a sermon was preached on Forgiveness. These men were asked to come forward, made their acknowledgment before the church, forgave each other, shook hands, asked the forgiveness of the church, and we all bowed down and had prayers. Then we sang an old-time song, everybody came around and shook hands and forgave everybody else, and that night when the call was given over thirty souls came forward in this little country church to give their hearts to God.

In the tabernacle one night I saw the women milling around and somewhat of a commotion was being stirred up. I looked down from the platform and said, "What's going on down there?" One good old sister that hadn't had a tooth in her head for forty years, slapped her hands and cried, "O praise the Lord, they are making it up, they are kissing and making it up." I said, "Go to it, let the good work go on."

I felt about that like a good brother did on a farm one day. We were helping him to kill hogs and put away his winter meat. As he hurried

into the kitchen he was suddenly ejected by a good wife who had more or less of a violent temper. His head was as slick as a billiard ball, and over it was extended, at the end of a long white arm, a frying pan in the hands of his Irish wife, while she played a tattoo on the top of that bald head. He was soon out of her reach, and when my friend Tom Brawner said to him, "Jim, I swan, I wouldn't live with a woman like that, I'd quit her today." "O shut up, Tom," he said, "It's just this way, you see it pleased she, and it didn't hurt I." And so we just let the good work go on. And that's the way I feel about forgiveness; it pleases the Lord and it doesn't hurt anybody, and though given at the hands of one who has been more or less Irish, I say let the will of the Lord be done.

Forgiveness has two results. There is the refining and purifying influence, and there is the retaliation which blights and curses. I know a father and mother who until they were converted fought like cats and dogs. The war would begin as soon as either of them hove in sight. They would heave flat irons, dishes, fresh fruit, vegetables, stove wood and anything else handy at each other on the first signs of approach. Finally, a neighbor woman and her husband got them to come to meetings. There is one good thing about a tabernacle revival, all kinds of sinners go, both in and out of the church. But the man wouldn't walk with his wife; he walked with his neighbor

friend and she walked with the other woman. The sermon was fearless and straight to the mark, and both of them were converted that night. They forgave each other, went home arm in arm, reared a nice family of children, held on to the church, and their home was saved.

Now will you look for a moment with me on the other side of the picture. All the world has come to know of the famous feuds in Breathitt County, Kentucky. I saw another feud like that near St. Joseph, Mo., and let me say right here that when the devil gets into the heart of a man or a woman, geographical location makes absolutely no difference. Now let me show you how people can be killed and homes broken over a foolish, insignificant incident. When I was a boy I preached at the old-fashioned church in Clinton County, Missouri. It was one of my first charges. I was then a student at the State University. Neut Winn and Watt Reed lived neighbors on adjoining farms, grew up, went to school together and were deacons in the same church. A big rain had fallen and Watt who was a hard joker, seeing five little spotted pigs over on Neut Winn's side of the fence, said, "Good morning, Neut, you must be hard up for pigs over your way." "Well," said Neut, "If that's the way you feel about it, I dare you over here to get them." "No," said Reed, "If you took them over there you can bring them back, and if you don't bring them back I'll sue you and get them back." "Just sue and be

damned," said Winn, "My name is as good as yours in this country, and you can't make me out a thief, for I can get as good lawyers as you can." They brought the case to trial, possession being nine points in the law Winn lost. Second trial Reed lost, and during the argument at the third trial Watt Reed whipped out a gun, shot Neut Winn to death and came near killing the judge and the court stenographer. When Watt Reed was dying of consumption after two years in the State Penitentiary down at Jefferson City, Gov. Dockery paroled him so he could go home to die. He did not last two weeks. And if you go there today you'll find that both of those families have been almost entirely wiped out. They lost thousands of dollars through law suits, and it all started over that little word which brings a groundless supposition and a dangerous guess called by scientists a hypothesis, and that word is spelled with two little letters—I—F.

Forgiveness is a personal matter, and also a proportional.

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors" is a basis on which our Lord builds his teachings. If you want to know how your account stands with God, you can find out by your own self examination. Just tabulate how much forgiving you have done and you will know how much God has forgiven you.

Forgiveness is conditional.

"If you forgive not men, their trespasses,

neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

If men could only realize this doctrine and know that so long as they cherish Hate, that they forfeit the blessings of God, and the hope of eternal life, all life would have a new meaning. Abraham Lincoln said that two men lived neighbors, when one of them named Jim, was thought to be dying. The Doctor said, "Uncle Jim, I am afraid that you are going to die. Is there anybody you would like to see or to forgive?" "Well," said Jim, "you might send for Billie Smith, and let me forgive him." They put a boy on a horse and hurried him over to get Uncle Billie. When the old gentleman came in to see his dying friend and neighbor, he was deeply moved and gladly forgave. They talked over the old days when they were neighborly, when their children were little and played like lambs together around the barn and back and forth across the big road. But when Uncle Billie bade his friend an affectionate farewell and started to go, he turned to him and said, "Good-bye, Jimmie, how I wish this had been thirty years ago." Then Uncle Jim looked him squarely in the eye and said, "Now, Billie, if I die I want you to know I have forgiven you, but if I ever get well, and get up from here I don't forgive you, and may God have mercy on your soul."

God conditions our forgiveness on our accepting the forgiving Christ.

When Aeschylus attended the trial of his Brother Amyntus he had made up his mind to see his condemned brother pay with his own life the price of murder; but when the judge was ready to sentence his brother he went forward and held up his stub arm, that had been lost in battle, and in defense of his country, and asked the judge for his sake, and for the sake of the price that he had paid, to pardon his brother and let him live. This the judge did, and this story has been handed down as a benediction of forgiveness through all the long years.

So when the world was lost in sin and condemned to die, our Savior held up his wounded hands and rivened side, from which had flowed the water and blood that believing sinners through him and his sacrifice might find merit in his atonement.

Forgiveness is a personal matter. I believe that the sin of the world today is in the fact that this doctrine is taken impersonally. Take it to yourself.

Personal confession and conversion go hand in hand with forgiveness, like links in an endless chain. Partial obedience and partial forgiveness get no where. Forgiveness implies forgetting. I went one morning with a faithful pastor—and it is the pastors who after all, God bless them, have to iron out the childish disputes of their members, and harmonize all elements. We went to see this good woman who had become offended

because a giggly young girl with a heart as good as gold, had laughed at her when she took an operatic, high kicking soprano note in a solo one morning at church, and was suddenly bothered with a frog in her throat, which caused her voice to break and go kerflooie. We talked it all over, and at first she would not listen to anything, but after we reminded her that this dispute had been going on for about fifteen years, and was doing the church no good, she finally decided that she would forgive the young woman, so we all had prayers and everything was lovely. But as we went out of the door she said to her offender, "Now, Kittie, I am going to forgive you, but the Lord knows I can never forget it," so we felt that our mission had been in vain. How would you like for the Lord to forgive you that way? And hold back in his heart the remembrance of all your sins. My mother had six children and raised them all to manhood and womanhood, and all of us are living except the first one, and she died in infancy; but when my mother forgave us there was no mental reservation, it was complete, soul satisfying, encouraging and heart felt. So my heavenly Father says, "I will put your sins behind my back, and remember them against you no more."

Forgiveness is a Universal Necessity. It is absolutely indispensable in business.

Working men often overlook this forgiving spirit on the part of their employers, and so do

the employers, who sometimes become overbearing, forget how much grace of God, and endurance are needed on the part of the employee. It is too easy for us to remember what other people owe us, and not to remember what we owe other people. This is why men are so slow in paying their debts to God and to one another. But what is a man to do when he can't pay? I never expect to be out of debt so long as I live. I fell behind in the days of the Great War, lost all I had, and could have taken the bankrupt law and been entirely out of it today, but I was reared in Kentucky, and down there we do a lot of business by word of mouth. A man's word is as good as his bond, and so after losing what I had, I still owed ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00). I haven't got the money now, but those debts were made in good faith, and will be paid in good faith. If I live I will pay them in full with interest accrued, and if I die my insurance will pay them first, and then what is left will go to the support of my wife and children. In addition to that I feel that I owe to my God, and do give to his cause, including the poor, needy and afflicted one tenth of my entire income. I consider such a trust that of an Executor without Bond, and for breach thereof I would deserve to go to the penitentiary.

I say that forgiveness is an absolute necessity in business.

There are times when accounts must be extended, credit given, and even the entire debt can-

celled. A poor woman came in to the offices of the Homestead Steel Mills one morning, out of a driving snow. She drew tightly about her an old shawl, which was cast over her head, and got as near to the stove as she could get. A quiet man with gray vandyke beard stood to one side and listened to the conversation between her and the store-keeper, which wound up with, "You just as well get out of this store, there isn't a thing doin', you are already hopelessly in debt, and the U. S. Steel Company can't run this business for its health." The quiet gray whiskered man took the old lady to one side and asked her to tell him all about it. She told him how that her husband had burned his life out before the furnaces of the U. S. Steel Company for twenty-two years of continuous service, that he was broken down and would probably never be able to arise again from his bed. It touched the good man's heart, he went behind the desk and wrote a check for the entire amount of the account, gave the good woman another check for \$70.00 and told her to go home and order anything she needed, and to call on him if any further help should be necessary. There was the man who with Faith in Herbert Spencer and others had figured that there would never be any more War, and when the World War broke over his head, it broke his heart, and he soon passed out of this life, and that man's name was Andrew Carnegie.

Forgiveness is indispensable in the Law.

By this I do not mean a general turning loose of criminals on society, to go scot free and continue their depredations, but I do mean that it is the spirit and purpose of the Law to never give a man a criminal record, nor to foreclose a mortgage except as a last resort. In the season of 1914, Southern California lost millions of dollars by a tremendous freezing of their orange groves. In many cases the trees were killed outright. The whole country went bankrupt so far as the growers were concerned, and many of those men who had borrowed money from the bank found themselves suddenly penniless and with no possibility of any further immediate income. I asked the banker what they were going to do. "Well," he said, "There is only one thing to do, and that is to rediscount our paper, and carry these men until they can make a crop. If we had these places all foreclosed what could we do with them? We would only impoverish our men and drive them out of the county. The condition would be unthinkable, so all we can do is to forgive and forget, until such time as they can pay."

Before Abraham Lincoln started to Ford's Theatre to see the last play that he ever witnessed, which was entitled "The Country Cousin," and while Major Rathbone and Mrs. Lincoln were waiting, he wrote out a pardon for a young man who had carried his buddy's knapsack all the night before and then was found asleep on guard duty, was court martialed and sentenced to be

shot. The young man was Col. Cline, near Culpepper, Va. And when he heard the story that was told by the soldier's little sister, who was sent by a public subscription made up of the citizens of the town of Pennyan, Pa., it touched the great Emancipator's heart and he penned the last message and the last words ever penned by his immortal hand, which read, "I pardon Lincoln Pettegrew. A. Lincoln." And this pardon has more richly endeared Uncle Abe to the hearts of men, regardless of race, religion or political parties than anything else he ever did in all his kindly and beneficent life.

Forgiveness is to the home what salt is to fresh meat. It is the preserver. It is the alleviating element. It is the preserver.

There is no one but recognizes the fact that differences arise in the best of regulated families, and forgiveness fosters the spirit of give and take, and that is what makes the home in heaven attractive, it is the element of forgiveness that is everywhere. Then we can sing,

"Freed from the Law,
Oh, happy condition,
Christ is now willng
And there is remission.
Cursed by the Law,
And bruised by the fall,
Christ has redeemed us
Once for all."

A young lady through the temptation of the world and the devil, had lost that which was precious to the good woman's life, and being spurned by all of her home town friends, went away to another city, and there stayed in seclusion. She came out mostly at night, and would spend her life in sin and shame. She got word from home telling her of the death of her father, read the paper and cried about it, but she didn't go home. Then she would get letters from her mother, read them and put them in the stove. But one night after she had come in from her usual debauch she found a letter from her old mother, and read it with great interest. She slipped away from the place where she was staying, leaving her clothes in the closets behind, and her trunk locked. On and on she walked through the darkness of the night until finally she came to the old home. Just where night touches morning she touched the latch of the back door, and as it came open she fainted and fell in on the floor. When she came to, her mother was bathing her face with a cold cloth and imprinting kisses on her brow. Nobody but her mother would have done that. She said to her mother, "Why did you leave this door unlocked?" "Oh," said her mother, "I knew that some day God would give you back to me, and from the day that you left to this good hour there has never been a door locked on this place." So God is awaiting in the heavenly home the com-

ing of his sinful children redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.

The refining influence of forgiveness makes us happy here, and fits us for heaven. In Christ's teachings alone is it found. A Brahmin once came to a missionary and said, "Sir, the thing that I like about your religion is that it has in it a Savior." And it is the Savior who towers above the stature of a mere man, who is better than men, holier, nobler, is God made manifest in the flesh; the sinless Christ that will save the world today. Men are sick and tired of criticising the Church; they are tired of making resolutions; they are tired of promising that they will "taper off;" they are tired of the plans of men, and the doctrines of salvation by character; and nothing can satisfy these men any more than the fact of a wonderful redeeming Lord; the personal assurance of salvation, and the presence of God's Holy Spirit as a daily guide to all the truth.

If the final prayer of the Son of God on the cross was.

"Forgive them Lord, they know not what they do," then can you not forgive your fellow men while off the cross? Is anybody persecuting you? Have you been crucified? Has your unforgiving spirit been broken? Do you hold hate, and cherish it in your heart with the intense satisfaction that a baby rolls his first piece of candy about in his mouth? You will never overcome this without help from the Lord. Human nature is too

weak. Human nature is a dangerous thing, it must be entrusted to God, and have a governor that manages the steam. So I say that except you forgive men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses.

But there is a time that men will forgive, and that is in the hour of all honesty and truth—in the hour of death. It is then that we realize that we are about to be ushered in before the Great God who will judge the quick and the dead. We realize how fruitless has been a life of hate. We see the destruction that it has left on every hand. Our lives have gathered nothing but leaves. We have no fruit for the Master. Our talents have gained no other talents. Then it is that we are

“Going to die, not fit to live,
Going to die, life’s account to give.
Unto God’s bar thou must surely go,
With nothing but Sin in God’s book to show,
Oh! what will your judgment be.”

There is only one hope and that is back to Christ. Back to his love and mercy—back to the forgiveness of the Father’s House, and just here there come to my mind a song that my mother used to sing down in the old Kentucky home.

“I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in his arms.
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
Oh! there are ten thousand charms.”

JUDAS BETTER THAN AVERAGE MAN.

Text: Matt. 27:3-4: *"Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief Priests and elders,*

Saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood. And they said: What is that to us? See thou to that."

Come with me into the garden of the world's greatest sorrow and I will paint you a picture of the world's anguish of sin on the heart of a dying God.

The shadows of the night have encircled the valley with gloom. The dew is on the roses. The night birds sing. The babbling brook Kedron mingles its silver voices with the song of the nightingale, the hoot owl and the whippoorwill.

Down the hill comes the man of sorrows with a few disciples nearest his heart. The dry gravel plays a sand block accompaniment to their mingled conversation. They go into the garden where the burden-bearer sweats great drops of blood and fall down to the ground. He prays, "Oh, my father, if it be possible, let this cup of anguish pass from me." He becomes the suffering Christ and begins an agony ending in his

death on the cross, where a dying God yielded up his life for the sins of a lost world.

Judas enters. The eyes of the disciples are like lead, they cannot watch with him one hour. Jesus arises and goes forward to meet Judas. Judas greets him with a hypocritical salutation, "Hail Master," and salutes him with a kiss according to the Hebrew custom. When Peter sees what they have on hand and that men have come to take the Lord with swords and staves, he whips out a broad sword and cuts off the ear of Malchus, a servant of the high Priest. Jesus then gives to him the warning that should be echoed today around the world. "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." This has been true since that night in the garden, and will be to the end of time. All the world loves a lover, all the world hates a hater, and all the world fights a fighter.

There is no man living today but to whom some objection may be urged by some critic. There are two birds that you find in most any country, the one is the little turtle dove. It feeds on the choicest of grains, drinks the best of water, and sings a sweet and mournful song. It is the emblem of purity. But there is another bird common to all lands. It is large and black, has a long red beak, is always looking for something dead. When it lights it lights on a dead tree, when it eats, it eats something dead, and when it drinks it drinks dead water, and these two

birds represent two classes of birds in a community. There is the turtle dove christian who loves God, goes to Church, thinks of the pure and good, and seeks only those things that are above. And there is the turkey buzzard kind of folks who always look for something bad and unfortunate in the lives of men and women. They pick at the sores of the church, cut out all kinds of little pieces from the papers about people who were prominent in religious life and made mistakes, and to them the world is full of hypocrites, all pastors and evangelists are grafters, the bankers thieves, the lawyers shysters, and the doctors as crooked as a dog's hind leg.

But Judas Iscariot is in the Bible for a purpose; every man and woman mentioned in the Bible is there to teach a lesson of some vice or virtue. In view of this fact we will look him over for an immediate lesson to these people.

If in the course of this sermon we find that Judas did and said things that the average man of this city would not do and say, then the average man is better than Judas. But if the average man does things that Judas did not do, then Judas is better than the average man. If therefore, you find that you are not as good as a thief and a traitor, a murderer, and a grafter, will you not change now? And if you find that Judas went to hell for what he did, and you are not as good as Judas was, "How then shall ye escape the damnation of hell?"

We will now consider some of the points that are against the life and conduct of Judas. He loved money better than honor. He was one of those unprincipled, 100 to 1 shot fellows. He loafed with the hound pups in the loitering places, at the church he was a saint, the kind that would pass around the bread and wine, help take the collection, ring the bell, and turn the ice cream freezer. But when he was out with the gang he could play as much poker, cuss as loud in a high key and one breath, shoot as much craps and tell as dirty, filthy, and smutty a yarn as anybody, and be as big a devil as was ever turned loose in that much hide. Until we cleanse the Church of such men we can never hope to pull the outside world into the Church over their heads.

Judas wanted the coin. He was the kind who would let religion go and say, "When religion interferes with my business I give up the religion." He saw Jesus evade the mob at Capernaum and figured that he would do it again and leave Mr. Judas fifteen bucks ahead, but he lost on the long odds.

Just keep on young man, old man and little frizzle-headed sissy, drink and curse, swear and tear, prostitute manhood, deprive women of virtue, drag the Church into the dirt, put a stain on your family name and break your old mother's heart.

Go on Bill Booze, and Three Fingered Jack,

keep tab on the bootleggers, and all the floozies around town, play your cards, shoot your dice, buck the roulette wheel and faro bank, buy ring-side seats to fisticuffs and cheap skate leg shows and some sweet day something will fly up and hit you, and, like the tent hit by the barley cake, you will lay long.

Every land, every road, has an end and every lane will turn. A little more rope and you will run amuck and hang yourself.

Judas thought like you did. He said too that the Church was full of hypocrites, that all the evangelists and preachers were grafters, that revivals are no good and that the Bible is a tissue of lies and a bundle of sticks. Just go on like you are and you will get what Judas got—a gallows and a grave. “Know this, O, man that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment.”

Judas was the Benedict Arnold of the Bible. He was the traitor to Jesus and the Disciples. He wasn't there because he loved Jesus, but for popularity and gain. He had his hand out behind, and sold out when he got his price.

When the Church, the preacher, the evangelist and the workers were in the garden sweating blood, and you could have helped and defended them, did you arise to the occasion like a man, or did you sell out?

Judas was the Korniloff to unseat Christ. Never was a Russian dynasty more unsettled by any man than the discipleship of our Lord was

by the traitorous Judas. He came to set up the dynasty of the devil. Judas was the I. W. W.; the German Military Agent in time of war in the land of the free and the home of the brave to carry out the policy of the enemies of Christ. No peace talk with the devil was ipecac to him. You have been under God's grace for 1900 years, and Judas only three and one-half years, and yet I would bet my life, if I were a betting man, that there are men in this tabernacle who have sold out to the devil for less than any thirty pieces of silver.

Judas came to Christ disguised as a friend. I can excuse anything better than hypocrisy. It makes sick the world's heart. It defeats the Church and gives sinners a club with which to maul the Kingdom of God. And when you profess toward God one day in the week, and live toward the devil six days in the week, are you not six times as much like the devil as you are like God? Such men soon become a pillar of salt to the sin of hypocrisy.

Look how you women do other women whom you think are your enemies, and when they call on you unexpectedly. As you see the said woman coming down the street, and you stand back away from the window inside your home, you look at her and say like this, "There goes that old Lizzie Jones, I wonder where she is bound for. Walks along like an old flat-footed duck. Her name ought to be Sallie Ann Waddles. Isn't she a cat

bird? A lulu? Oh, my Lord, she is coming in here. Oh! the old hussy. How does she dare." And when she comes to the door, you smother her with kisses, and say, "John and I were just talking about you. I was telling him how gra-a-nnd of you to call this evening. Oh! Lizzie do take a chair and set down." Yes, I would want to take a chair to her myself for being such a hypocrite. Now you old fat brethren, sit there and nudge your wives, but there isn't anything in the world that is worse than an old hypocrite woman, except one thing, and that is an old hypocritical, tobacco-squirting man. Some of you old birds go down here and "set" on a rail around a barber shop, and polish the seats of your breeches on the curb stones, until you are as slick as a razor strop, and I would not want a better web strop than a slice as long as my arm out of the seat of some of your pants, and I would not have to work it down with soap suds and a bottle to get it in shape for a razor strop either. Such men do more harm than they can ever do good, and there is a club of them under different names in every town. Those over in the shade of the Courthouse are the "Never Sweat Club;" those over by the barber shop are the "Dinky Toilers," and those in front of the hotel are the "Tobacco Squirters Union."

If you are a deceiver and a polite hypocrite like that, are you not in the same boat with Judas who betrayed the man of sorrows with a kiss?

Judas had too much of the game instinct. That is what we call it among youths.

What a drop from the discipleship of our Lord to the companionship of a gang of murderers like that. And when you run with those imps of perdition, who scorn everything that is good, they look over at you when the church bell rings and wonder if you will go; they watch to see if your wine glass was turned down at the banquet table, or left turned up to be filled; they look to see if you will defend Christ and his church where defamers sling mud, or if you have a hang-dog look and are non-committal.

When you do by your non-committal life and negation what Judas did, are you any better than this old thief and time server?

When you break the heart of God and blight your children's faith as fire does peach blossoms in May, are you any better than this old tin-horn sport of the discipleship?

With what joy do we turn to the good points in the life of Judas. I learned first from my mother's Bible that he was conscience-stricken.

He saw the enormity of his sin. He realized that he had betrayed innocent blood. He knew that he was vile and full of guilt, but the deepest dyed sinners want nothing but a sinless Christ. When the test comes no man of any honor wants to see even a bitter enemy have to suffer unjustly.

Judas had a heart—it had mercy. His old love for his Lord and Master returned like a tidal

wave. He fell before it conscience-stricken, as a flower borne down by an earthquake tide on the shores of a silvery moonlit sea. But some of you sold Jesus for less than Judas and you never turned a hair. You never felt a tremor of remorse. The centipede of graft crawled over your soul, and left decay in its track, and you never shuddered. Judas could not let his friend go to despair. He never had the nerve. This fact drove him to despair, but you can. You are worse than Judas ever dared to be.

If you do things that Judas would not do, and yet you want your wife to name your children for you, would not the name of Judas be a real credit to your son instead of your name?

Jezebel was the meanest woman that ever put on a dress. Why don't you name your daughters after her? I meet personally over a thousand people a month, and remember most of their names, and in all my travels in twenty years' preaching and evangelistic work I never met one woman named Jezebel. Yet sister, if you do things that Jezebel would not do, wouldn't the name Jezebel be more appropriate and a credit by the side of your name?

Judas knew that he had done wrong, and was man enough to admit it. He never tried to hide it, didn't apologize for it, make resolutions to never do so again, and suggest to himself that his own character was so fine and strong that he

would in time overcome such temptations, and become a stronger and better man.

No sir, he went right back to the gang, put it squarely up to them to come clean and give Jesus back.

Oh! yes, those folks had their names on the church's books too, just like some of you. They stood up and read the Bible on Sunday at the Synagogue, passed the hat, passed the bread and wine, were never in a revival in their lives, and would not know one if they met it in the big road, and yet they gave long strings of advice about how to run the meeting, pull their old bird-tail whiskers and looked on the work of Christ as an innovation to be met only with cold disdain. If you want to get right with God, go back to where you lost your Christ and make it right there. Clean up on that bunch first, so you will make it safe for all who pass this way after you.

Another good point in the life of Judas was that he said, "I have sinned." Oh! what a step toward repentance, to a full surrender. A full confession of guilt drowns the godly sorrow in the heart and necessarily brings happiness and forgiveness. He pleads guilty to a penitentiary offense and when he saw the enormity of his sins he was heart sick. He went at once before those men to make it right, give back the bribe and free the Christ. And oh! man there you sit in your sins without the manhood that this thief had—confess your wrongs and ask forgiveness. Judas

did it, and if you don't you are not the man he was, and he was better than you are.

Judas made restitution. He returned every penny of the ill-gotten gain to the proper owners and recognized that no amount of money could obliterate the influence of the Christ and the world's need for a Saviour.

In Falls City, Nebraska, during an invitation a middle aged man told me he couldn't give his heart to God that night for he had some things to straighten up, and that he would try to be ready on the following night. When he came to the tabernacle, he was radiantly happy and showed me a long telegram from a man in another State to whom he had owed about \$80.00 for nearly thirty years, and would never pay it. When he made up his mind to become a Christian he wired his friend that \$80.00 plus the interest, telling the man of his purpose to become a Christian that night. He got the finest telegram of appreciation that I ever read. And said that he felt that a great load had been lifted off his heart, and that if he had known how much real joy there was for him in the Christian life that he would have been in the church thirty years before.

Judas brought this money before these old sinners and asked them to sell Jesus back to him and set him free, but they wouldn't sell back. And that was what crazed him. Wild with grief and stricken with despair, he threw the money in

their faces, his heart broke and he rushed out to a gallows and a grave.

History does not tell us exactly what became of his body, but probably the church had to bury him. Perhaps the disciples, but in either event the church usually has to follow along to gather up and put away the wrecks made by the world and the devil. The church affords the only comfort to the home stricken by death, and Jesus Christ the only hope for the beloved dead.

Judas faced for the first time in his mottled career the fact that the devil would not sell back. Please remember that whatever you have sold, or loaned to the world, the flesh and the devil, however priceless it may be, is gone forever. You will never see it again, neither will it ever return to your proud possession.

The devil will let you sell to him, but he will never sell back to you. The devil never paid a damage suit in all the wide world.

Go to the saloon keeper, the gambler, the prostitute, the white slaver, the slanderer, the extortioner, and try to buy back a drunken son, your gambling husband, the daughter's virtue, the girl's pure body, the fair name blighted by slander, the life crushed and broken by greed to fill the coffers of sports and high fliers, and see if you can get back what you gave. No. A thousand times no. Their answer, "See thou to that in modern language:—"That's your business."

Have they told you that yet? Marvel not, they will. Ask some day and see.

Judas rammed it down their necks; have you taken the purchase price of your soul, your manhood, your womanhood and rammed it down the necks of your oppressors? Do you sit like a knot on a log? or a miser dreaming of his money and think only of fine feathers, paint, gew-gaws, social bubbles, gratified lust and ambition? Oh, man; oh, woman; ram it down their necks tonight by walking out here a penitent and go home a forgiven man. It's your only possible hope. Nothing in all the wide world hurts a bunch of defamers like your quitting their company and joining the ranks of decency.

Let me call a witness or two to establish this point. Come up here old drunkard. Where are your clothes, your manhood, your wife, children, home, farm, business? And he answers, "In the saloon, or with the bootlegger. I gave them all for drink, I have left only a broken body. May God rest my soul and forgive me."

Come up here prostitute woman. Where is your virtue? And she says, "I went on a jitney ride to Turkey Run or Twelve Points; I spent a night out at Third and Eagle, then we went to a dance on a house-boat. I was swept off my feet through the love of fine feathers, then came intrigue, jealous hate and a desire to outshine another woman who was a rival of mine. Now, I see that it was all for naught, and I have nothing

left but a wasted body, a broken heart, a ruined life and a despairing soul."

Let me contrast you two men. They live in a town in old Missouri, one was temperate, business-like, a hard and steady worker, kind to his family, obedient to his Lord, and as fine a church man as one would travel far in a day to see. He reared his children, brought them up in honor, loved his wife, and died with the love and admiration of all who knew him or touched his life at any point. His brother was a tin-horn gambling sport, made no profession of religion, knocked at the church, broke his old mother's heart, swept aside everywhere the consideration of manhood, of decency and honor. And when he was dead his brothers and sisters had to guarantee the expense of his burial, were the only ones who bought a flower or hired a carriage to follow his body to the grave. His wife said that she was sorry to see him suffer death and while it was an awful thing to have to say, told her friends that she would have a better chance to bring her children up in the way of the Lord.

So two paths lie before you; which way will you take? When you serve God, your life contributes to the sum total of human good which through all time can never be destroyed. You get it all back in good measure, heaped up, pressed down and shaken together. But when you serve the devil, you hold the sack, are empty

handed and have nothing to show for it but a wasted life.

Two men were in College together in Old Lexington, Ky. They were both from good homes and had plenty of spending money. On a Sunday evening they started out for a walk, ate dinner down town and after the dinner one of them said he was going to church and hear a sermon. The sermon so impressed him that he went forward and gave his heart to God. And when he got up the next morning he enrolled in the College of the Bible and began to study for the ministry. After he graduated with honor and was going into a large church one Sunday to preach to the waiting audience a poor vagabond who looked like a tramp pulled at his coat sleeve and asked him if he knew him. The preacher declared he did not, that he had never seen the man before. Then the unfortunate bum said to the young preacher, "Oh yes, you have, you remember the night we dined together down town and you went to church became a Christian and eventually a minister. I went to the theater that night, then to the saloon and got drunk and was expelled and sent home. Since that day I have been a vagabond and a wanderer. Now everybody loves you, but nobody will give unto me and I am like the prodigal son, down and out and in the hog pen." Judas repented. You have not, then I say he is still better than you. Oh, man without God, Judas Iscariot called of God to a high and holy calling fell

from his angelic ministry to become a thief a murderer, a suicide and to go to hell without God and without any chance to repent of his last act. Before you go farther away from your God, will you at least do as well as Judas did, as well as a thief and make it right, give it back, ram it down the necks of your seducers, and come penitently to God's throne of mercy?

If Judas went to hell and he is there tonight, and has been for 1900 years, and you do things that you know Judas would not, and did not stoop to do, by what process of reasoning known to any human mind can you bring yourself to believe that God will save you in your sin? Will you not tonight let him save you from your sins? Judas is not our beacon light, but Jesus.

A young man sat in a home by the side of the sea and read a trashy novel while his father and sister struggled away in a life boat to rescue some families from a sinking ship. The mother was greatly distressed, went to the upstairs window and set a small coal oil lamp where it would shine out over the sea. Late in the night the father and sister came in. The young man rose and said to his sister, "Well, sis, how did you get back?" She turned to him with a withering scorn and said, "We steered by mother's light." It so impressed the young man that he gave his heart to God, and went out over the world as a minister to tell young men to follow the example

of their Christian fathers and mothers in life and service.

My soul in sad exile
Was out on life's sea
So burdened by sin and oppressed,
But I heard a sweet voice
Saying, "Make me your choice,"
And I entered the haven of rest.
I have anchored my soul
In the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wild seas no more,
The tempest may sweep
O'er the wild, stormy deep
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

THOU ART NOT FAR.

Text: *"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."*

After all that we have tried to do for this city, after all the songs that have been sung, the prayers that have been offered, the personal work done, to see some stand back as if they never expected to meet God in judgment is enough to wring a heart of stone. Here was a young man of exemplary life; he had never stolen anything, never told a lie, never committed adultery, had never been drunk, had never dishonored his father and mother, and had worshipped only the true and living God. It looks like if any man could have ever been saved by morality, that this man could. But it is not through morals nor money, nor high position or social standing that men are to be saved, but through their faith and obedience to God, trusting in the merits of His atoning blood.

Thou art not far from the kingdom of God, means not far from salvation, that you are all right, but you need fixing; that you are in the right church, but in the wrong pew. That your purpose is good but you are on the wrong track.

His fundamental error was in the fact that he lacked a willingness to do the thing that he lacked. Therein he fell short. I have no sympathy in the

idea that because a man may have wealth that he is therefore bound eternally for Hell. This brings up the direct question of how much a man can really earn, and how much value he can be to society during his natural life-time. But when I see the consecration of the poor man, who gives so largely out of his limited means and trusts in God from month to month to support his family, and then I turn to the other side of the picture and scrutinize some of my multi-millionaire friends and I see the tremendous burden which big business has laid upon them, and look over their books and see the thousands and hundreds of thousands that they contribute annually for the uplift of humanity, I am persuaded that the world would be egregiously poor without their large beneficence.

Now there are people who seem to think it is terrific that this young man should have had great possessions, and will go so far as to claim that only a certain amount can be earnestly and honestly earned in a life-time of any man. Therefore, those who have large fortunes or estates should have a Bolshevik firing squad to operate on their sky pieces. Let us face this squarely for a moment. Will you take a comptometer and compute if you can what Eli Whitney earned by the invention of the cotton gin. Suppose that each gin ever built would pay to him, his heirs, or assigns, one cent per bale for every bale of cotton ginned in the South or around the world. His

estate would now be over one hundred billion dollars. And who can estimate the incomparable value that this invention has been to the farmer of the southland, the cotton raisers of the world, and to the clothing of humanity. Now turn to Elias Howe the inventor of the sewing machine. He patented the idea of the eye of the needle being located in the point. Consider, if you will, a royalty of one-tenth of one per cent of the value of each machine to be given to his estate. His wealth would equal that of the former Czar of Russia, Rockefeller, Carnegie, and the Khedive of Egypt. Now turn to the invention of the telegraph by Morse, the telephone by Bell, the wireless by Marconi, and the charming and useful inventions of Thomas A. Edison, and compute if you can on the basis of one-twentieth of one per cent. And the rich men of all time would in proportion be entitled only to be stable boss, take care of the hunting dogs and wipe the dirt and grease off of automobiles, for the aforesaid mentioned men. Consider yourself, if you were in their place with their opportunities and obligations. If you have benefited mankind in this way and the world placed millions to your feet in thanks to God for your manufacture, don't you think you ought to take it? I never begrudge an officer, a preacher, a pastor, an actor, a musician or evangelist one penny that he receives for his services.

I have a friend who received one hundred

and fifty thousand dollars as one law retainer from one railroad for taking a tangle out of some of its business. He saved them over three million dollars, did it as honestly and directly as a ray of noonday sunshine can shine on the earth. Everybody praised him for his legal skill, and he was certainly not over paid. An evangelist went to that town, preached in a tabernacle four times as long as it took this lawyer to settle this case and collect his fee, and the evangelist won over one thousand souls for Christ, converted drunkards and criminals, helped redeem prostitutes, united broken homes, built up the churches, got men to pray, read the Bible, establish family altars, and tithes of their incomes, and they gave him all told only a few thousand dollars. They praised the lawyer, had a big banquet for him at the hotel, and nobody was glad to see him get that banquet and that honor any more than I was. But when the evangelist had finished his work they wrote him up in the newspaper, and they praised the attorney and gave in full some of the speeches made. But in an editorial the editor spoke slightly of the work of soul saving, and said that the evangelist was a ———— grafter. And I go to places to this day where the official boards will meet in their own corporation business and allow in one night through vouchers in a check book, five hundred thousand dollars cash money, and go the next night to the official meeting of the church and raise the very old devil because

some poor preacher, with a half starved wife and seven little children asked eighteen hundred dollars a year for his salary. I want to say to such men that they are not far from the kingdom of God.

What is the common and supreme objective of your life? It cannot be to make money, for riches are deceitful. They flit away like butterflies in the sunshine and vanish like the sparkling dew of the morning. It is true that money is a necessary means to an end. Money means shoes for little feet, clothes for naked backs, dresses of comfort for poor mothers, warm coats and boots for winter, nourishing food on the table, well arranged and sanitary houses, education for the children, musical instruments, sport and pleasure, houses of worship and travel, which always broadens one. But when money becomes an end in itself, a god to be worshipped and before which men have no other, then it becomes a mildew, a blight and a curse.

It is not to have dominion and power. Since God proclaimed in the Garden of Eden to Adam and told him to have dominion, men have unceasingly sought the conquest of the world, for this they gather armies, train soldiers, sack and burn cities, and destroy railroads, go across the seas; it is all that they may have dominion. It is for this reason that we raise dumb beasts that are fit for food, that we cut down virgin timber forests, that we take fish from the sea and wild fowls

from the air. These things belong to mankind and for him were they made and created. But some are so low in the scale of life and humanity that they seem to think they were created for the beasts, and when I see how subservient they are to these beasts, I make up my mind that no writer can describe the bestiality of the human mind of a man who regards not God and has no respect for the sanctity of the human body, to say nothing of the sanctity of the soul.

The supreme objective of life is not to attain beauty. A man craves power, but a woman craves beauty. She will traverse land and sea, go around the wide world in search of that elusive charm; she will gather herbs, cosmetics, oils from the wide world, and pay for them any market price, that beauty may be enhanced. She has but one nightmare while she sleeps, and that is that some day her nose should suddenly be found slick and without sufficient powder. She dreams for her little daughter of the day when she shall have glorious spit curls and long tapering fingers, and be attired in roll socks, abbreviated dress and Bolshevik boots to sally forth to some bargain sale in the morning, a matinee in the afternoon, and a dinner dance that night. Let me give you a verse about the most beautiful woman of the world; it is in Proverbs, the 31st chapter, and tells of the beauty that fades not. It reads like this: "Riches are deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be

praised. Many daughters have done worthily, but thou excellest them all."

The supreme objective is not fame. When the old Napoleon was dying in his cursed exile on the isle of St. Helene, and there abused by the meanest man of French history, he cried out in his despair: "O, thou Christ, thy kingdom is built on love and has conquered the world without soldiers and their appliances of war. You have won the world's heart, while I have broken my home, broken the heart of my wife, sacrificed armies, and slain thousands with a dripping sword, and here I die in this accursed confine. O thou Christ, O Jesus Christ!"

But the supreme objective of life is to reach heaven. Why? Because it brings eternal happiness. It brings us to our loved ones. It satisfies the aching heart. It is the place where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

This world is only a temporary dwelling-place. No man knoweth the day or the hour, when he may be called hence. This is but an earthly tabernacle for heaven is my home. This journey begins at the cradle and ends at the grave. It's responsibility comes with knowledge of right from wrong. It is not a bed of roses, but is filled with snares and pitfalls, and a man on this journey can only be happy in Christ. For in the Bible only, is found the prescription for human happiness.

We turn now to an examination of the travelers on this journey; I mean some men who are not far from the kingdom of God. Listen closely, you may be one and so may I. We come first to the man of exemplary life. He has been reared in a Christian home and had Christian parents. He has always known the Bible and has done no great public sin. To ask of him an experience like that of Jerry McCauley or Bowery Rose or of John B. Goff would be to ask him concerning a life of which he had never known. He can say, like the young man in this text: "All these things have I kept from my youth up." What are you going to do with him? Take him gently by the hand and lead him right into the kingdom of God.

And there is the moral man. He is scrupulously careful in his conduct. If he owes a penny to any one he would sit up at night and worry about it for fear he might overlook it. He pays all his store debts, and even gets to such an ecstatic Christian experience that he would pay his doctor's bill. He prides himself on his goodness, and turns right around and repudiates his debt to God. He feels no moral obligation whatsoever, to serve God and the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule who has made him all that he is. He has no sense of hastening time, and it never occurs to him that there will come a day of separation.

On the fourth of an August morning

my brother's banker friend and two farmers left from the dock in Chicago on the good ship Manitou to sail away for Mackinac and to camp and fish in the Les Schneux Islands known in English as "the snows." I never saw os many people trying to go on a boat. Husbands, wives, children, beautiful girls with their fiances, sweethearts, lovers and perspiring fat men, who freely mopped their bald heads with handkerchiefs and cussed the day for being so hot. I gave our money and valuables, tickets and checks to the pursers, who put them in the safe, then we went up on the top deck. The Captain went down on the gang-plank, stood at attention and said, "All visitors ashore, all visitors ashore." You never saw such a scatteration in your life. Such a kissing and a farewelling. Husbands, young men and some of the women and girls piled off of that boat like rats off a sinking ship. And when the boat steamed out into the lake and turned around and started on its long journey there were not more than half of them who were at the dock that went on the journey. And so there are men here tonight who associate with the church, their wives and children belong, and they give generously of their means to all causes and occasionally attend, but they make absolutely no preparation for the life to come, and the day is speedily approaching, when the captain of salvation will step out on the gang-plank and say, "All visitors ashore."

There is the worldly christian. He never made any change, he just joined the Church, he cusses, lies, plays poker, runs to dances, spoons with the manicure girls, runs to leg shows and cabarets. And not once does it ever occur to him that he should not walk after the flesh but after the spirit. He might as well join a Bromo Selzer or a Jin Fiz society or most any kind of a club, and it would have done him as well.

There is absolutely no perceptible change in his life, and say what you will we will never in the wide world persuade the men of the world that our religion has any weight until we live it out in daily life. We have too many of these Sunday Christians, these dress-parade folk, who prance forth in white vests and spats, walking canes and plug hats on Sunday morning, and then on Sunday night are off to a dinner dance or a leg show, and can out-Herod Herod the rest of the week.

Long and drear has been the argument concerning the appearance of a man while being converted. Here comes one man to give his heart to God and he is all smiles; another just behind him is crying aloud, and the tears pouring down his face; another is as stone-faced as the poker player; another just behind him is slapping his hands and rejoicing; another is troubled, while another falls down on the floor, rolls over and cries piteously to God for mercy. The fact of the business is, that one of these men is as sincere

as the other. These appearances are due more to the make-up of the man, and his own personal disposition. I don't think that we should discredit any man's conversion because he didn't take three days and nights of agonizing prayer, as in the case of Saul. When Jesus called Matthew, the tax gatherer, and James and John, the fishermen, they arose and left their nets and their taxes and went with him immediately. So, sudden conversions are defended all through the Bible, and are as valuable and permanent as any other.

The thing I hold against the worldly church member is the following, which I have found to be with foundation and fact.

His influence is all against the church, while in his heart he most desires to help it.

His influence is a down-hill pull, instead of an up-hill.

He loses interest necessarily in things that are spiritual.

He loses faith in the preacher and the church, and they soon become the targets of his criticisms and knocks.

I tell you another man who is not far from the kingdom of God, and that is the backslider. He did it voluntarily. He went away from the Father's house like the prodigal son, of his own free will and accord. He went away before he realized it, and the saddest of it all is his tendency now to justify it. There is no such thing as

one lie covering up another lie, and one wrong wiping out another. Two wrongs never made a right. I had a friend who was an engineer. He was brought up before the Superintendent for running ahead of his schedules, and then he told a lie to square it; then he had to tell another lie to cover that one, and before he had talked ten minutes he had told six more lies. "Now," said the Superintendent, "Billie, I just intended to reprimand you and let you go back to work because your family needs you, but Billie, you lied to me and I am going to lay you off for six months, which means that you will lose your seniority, because we can't have men to run our passenger engines who will lie to us." So brother, one lie in your life does not cover another. There is no hope but a consistent straight-forward course, for God's word says, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sins."

Another man who is not far from the kingdom, and whose life is all right but needs fixing, is the well-wisher of the church. In this class are brother-in-laws, cousins, and sweethearts. Some are sister-in-laws. He refers to his wife as a "praying member," but I am the "paying member." He says, "I carry the money in my name, but my religion in my wife's name." He sends the children and his wife, and donates occasionally to the church, but he feels that the church is

not for business men and bankers, and real "HE" men of the world, who are old enough to know what they are about, and who should exercise their personal liberty in their own way, but that the church is all right for women, preachers and for the children. He expects some time to take a stand for Christ, but "Not now, thank you," and goes on in his disinterested way.

Over in old Illinois there was a woman who had lived a good Christian life and brought up six children in the church. She had helped her husband work and save until they owned bank stock, and over twelve hundred and eighty acres of the finest land that a crow ever flew over in old Illinois. She made three efforts to get him to take her to church to a big revival that was going on in a tabernacle. The first night about church time it poured rain. The next night he saw "Old Pide" stick her horns under the rail fence, scatter the rails over her back, and lead all the cows and calves out into the corn, that was about chin high, and if you ever lived on a farm like I have and chased cattle through green corn, where the blades would saw you like a knife through the mouth and eyes and under the chin, you know that he was in no condition of soul to worship the Lord. The third night he was almost to town when he saw a shab-bat on the way to the pool-room. He said, "Wife, thar goes a feller that owes me ten dollars." "Stay right in here Jim, I will give you ten dollars out of my egg money."

"No," said Jim, "That feller is going to Texas tomorrow and if I don't get it now I never will." When his wife came out with the children from the tabernacle that night, he was lined up with the rest of the tobacco-squirters to take his wife home. On the way home she said, "Jim, haven't I always been a good wife to you?" "Yes, honey, no man ever had a better." "Now, Jim," she said, "I want you to roast me a pig and kill me that old gobbler, and I am going to fry ham and sausage, make biscuits pretty and pies, and when that's gone I won't cook you another bite, so help me God, until you go with me to church like a decent white man."

Jim killed the pig and turkey and the chickens and built his wife a big fire and she cooked to beat the band. They called in the neighbors and had one big dinner. Then they began to pick the bones, and then to make hash. Then they made some stew, then some more stew out of the other hash that they had made the other stew out of. You know how it goes after those big dinings, brother. The bread ran out. Everything was greasy and tasted slick and flat. Finally he began to beg for something to eat. "Jim, when you will promise me that you will go with me to that meeting, I will cook you the best dinner in Illinois." He went out and did the chores, and the longer he worked the meaner he felt. "Well, wife," he said as he came into the kitchen, "If you will cook me a good supper, I will take you to

church right away tonight." She cut an old ham, fried it and made red gravy, made biscuits and coffee, and got out strawberry preserves and chili sauce and peach pickles. Oh, boys! Jim laid it away with intense satisfaction, and when they got to the tabernacle, the devil worked on him again and he said: "My clothes are not good enough." "Come on Jim, and be a man. They are good enough everywhere else. Why not here?" As he sat down, the choir arose and sang gloriously, "Awake and Tell The Blessed Story." The preacher took the text of this sermon and cut out the pattern of Jim's life to a T. When he gave the call, Jim popped right out into the aisle and down to the front and gave his hand to the preacher and his heart to God. Then he asked to say something, and asked all his neighbors and friends who believed his testimony to come and take the stand with him. It was a great sight indeed and Jim to this day is saved and kept by the power of God.

The nearest that I ever came to drowning was at an Assembly in a Park in Indiana. I had been swimming out to a raft in the lake and then back. But I stopped in what I thought was shallow water, where I could wade out at just any time, and when I was tired let down to touch bottom, and was in water still ten feet over my head. By the time I recovered and swam to the bank, I was almost exhausted, and having to go twenty yards farther might have drowned.

So, men today take themselves too lightly. They take it for granted that life and death await their actions and their pleasure, and that of course they will have all the time there is to make all due and necessary preparation for Heaven.

Another man who is not far from the Kingdom of God is the honest doubter. He is full of knotty questions, and is ready for an argument on the spur of the moment. The first question I ever ask an honest doubter is, "What have you been reading?" He will tell me everything except the Bible. It is always strange to me why men eternally criticise the one book they never read, and of which they are necessarily ignorant.

Charles G. Finney was a young lawyer who had a tendency toward unbelief, in fact a very decided tendency, but when he was converted he spent six months in revival meetings in Philadelphia alone. When he went to Syracuse, New York the Supreme Court of that State heard him one night in a body, "I am going down and accept that," said one of the Judges. Finney argued on, "I can't sit here any longer." Finney argued on. "You can all do what you want to but I am convinced that Christ rose from the dead and that he is the only Savior of the world, and I am going down there and accept Him." The rest of the Judges followed him, and there is the result of God's work on the heart of an honest doubter. That is why He says, "If any man will do my will, he shall know the doctrine whether

it be of God, or whether he speak of some one else."

The excuse maker is not far from the Kingdom of God. He makes one excuse after another, and an excuse is always a substitute. He is like a prairie dog, out of one hole to dodge right into another. His life is negative, the positive element is not known in his make-up. With him religion is a tender plant, one day too hot, the next too cold, the next too wet, and the next too dry. Never satisfied, born the wrong time of the moon, and from a standpoint of grammar is always in the objective case. The world is getting worse,—he feels bad today, and feels bad when he feels good, because he knows that tomorrow he will be feeling bad again, so it keeps him feeling bad all the time. He doesn't like the Church because it has a poor preacher. The members are all hypocrites and the treasurer is dishonest. Somebody in the church made a remark about him or did him some dirt, and though the man has been dead nine years he still holds a grudge against the church. To such the Lord will say, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

The sincere seeker is not far from the Kingdom of God. He attends and hears faithfully. The gospel to him is manna and meat in due season, that falls on his dry heart like a fresh rain on the parched ground. He believes, is convicted of his sins, and obeys, he makes a full surrender to the will of Christ and comes in to stay. And

when he does this he couples up with Jesus Christ, pulls in on the main line, they throw the block and give him the high ball, and he never stops pulling until he puffs in over the hill to the Grand Central Station where he meets the Superintendent God the Father, God the Son with a glorious welcome plaudit, "weary pilgrim, welcome home."

For the man who is not far from the Kingdom of God, there are only two things to do. The first is to stay where he is and be lost. Do just like you are doing—do nothing. A worker handed me a little card which said on one side, "What must I do to be lost," under it was the word "Nothing"; at the bottom it said "over." I turned over on the other side and read, "What must I do to be saved," and there it gave "The Gospel plan of Salvation."

The other alternative is to step over the line and trust in Jesus. He is the only one to whom we can go, and the disciples said it right, "Lord, to whom shall we go, thou alone hast the words of Eternal Life."

"Oh! tender and sweet was the Master's voice,
As he lovingly called to me.
Come over the line, it is only a step,
I am waiting, my child, for thee.
Ah! the world it is cold,
And I cannot go back,
Press forward I surely must,

I'll place my hand in his wounded palm,
Step over the line and trust.
Over the line hear the sweet refrain,
Angels are chanting the Heavenly strain,
Over the line why should I remain,
I'll cross it and go to Jesus."

A HOUSE DIVIDED.

Text: *"A house divided against itself can never stand."*

The strength of any building, home or nation is in the fact that each part is inter-dependent on the other, therefore if divided it falls. If undivided and it can remain a unit it stands.

If in the course of this argument you find that the elements of division are entering that will cause our American institutions that are born of Christian liberty, of faith in God, in Jesus Christ His Son, and of the blood of the men of 1776 and '61, will you be he-man and patriot enough to remove them with patient hands, or will you sit supinely by and let destruction come?

If you believe in the saloon, go and join it. If you believe in the gambling house, stand up and support it. If you believe in the highwayman, the yeggman and the safe blower, join his gang, but if you believe in the sanctity of the foundations of this Government, then defend and protect them, and if not get out of this land and go to one of your liking.

There first arises the question of ownership of this fair land of ours. It has been held by some that in view of the fact that Columbus discovered this land that it should belong to, and be

controlled by, his descendants and followers, and especially by those of the secret society of that church, sworn to foist this teaching on American people.

If the first man here deserves to claim this land, then it belongs to the Viking Norwegian Kings, who landed in New England in 1003, A. D. They first hit Greenland, then to Canada, then Vinland which they called New England. They anticipated Columbus by nearly five hundred years.

The American Indians hold better this title than Columbus, because they met old Columbo when he landed. Age old is the question as to whether the white man treated the Indian right in pushing him farther back, but for every foot he pushed him, he paid him a dollar. Now the Indians have become the richest nation of people according to their numbers in the wide world. They receive millions annually from their royalties and mineral rights alone, to say nothing of the Government allowance, and the sale of their lands, which by Constitutional Rights were awarded to them in due process of law, and honorable faith which has been faithfully kept by Uncle Sam. The white man's whiskey and diseases attendant thereto have diseased and rotted the life of many of these people and they are a disappearing race, but with all of this I say again that the Indians hold a better title than did Columbus because of the fact that they met him

down at the ocean, made treaties of peace whereby American civilization as it is today began.

In 1620, the Plymouth Colonists landed on old Plymouth Rock with a program of free speech, free schools, and free press, an open Bible, read Bible, and an efficient ministry. They faced the tortures of the damned, were ravaged by a cholera until almost the entire company had died, were massacred by the Indians, were swept by hatreds and distraught by witchcrafts to such an extent that some of their party were burned at the stake, having been accused of this terrible state of mind, or which was to them very terrible, but now has become a joke. But the cholera, the Indian massacres and the internal dissensions were no joke.

In spite of this they cleared the dense forests, built cities, churches and schools, and elected officers to enforce the law. They prepared to establish the local self-government independent of all foreign relations, or allegiance, and to preserve, protect and defend it.

Our homes rest on a Governmental foundation. Mother England tried the plan of oppression as occasioned by the Boston Tea Party, and the Colonist dumped their tea into the sea, defied the whole works, and declared that there was to be no taxation without representation.

The Declaration of Independence declared that "These thirteen colonies are, and of a right ought to be, a free and independent Nation." The

Preamble of the Constitution stated its purpose and held that it was to insure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare and to insure to ourselves, and our posterity, the blessings of a free nation. Fifty-six of the signers of the Constitution were men bound to each other by three-fold ties, who laughed as they signed this document and said, "We must all hang together, or we will hang separately," and they came mighty near doing both before it was over.

By the grace of God and fidelity to the principles that they laid down for our life, conduct and character as a Christian nation, with an open Bible, and the voice of prayer in the halls of our Congress we have come to be known as "The Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave." We are the bankers for the world, we have contributed most of the worthy inventions that have revolutionized the world in the matter of living, of commerce, scientific discovery and invention, and in the matter of the free schools no nation on God's earth approaches this. Men journey from around the world to visit our institutions, to seek our education, and to get the American point of view.

Now the question comes, Shall this civilization, or any civilization so conceived in liberty, in justice and in the premises of truth, long endure? That is the question which you personally must settle. Your vote counts as much, and is worth as much as that of the President of the

United States. It is not by the sword, not by bloodshed, and the Hell and carnage of War, but by the spirit of freedom, and the unfailing might of the ballot that this nation is to endure.

Eeternal vigilance is the price of Christian liberty. The measure of preparedness determines success. Therefore the future of this nation and the question as to whether this House shall be divided or shall long endure is strictly up to you.

With this in view it seems to me that there can be only one platform for true, faithful, one hundred per cent Americanism. If I outline it to you, and you find it to be with foundation in fact, and that it has in it the eternities of God, will you accept and abide by it, and stand to and abide by all due signs and summons that may call you to rally to its defense and support? Or will you slouch like a hound pup and skulk to a kennel and leave the battle to brave men, when you by your presence and help might sooner have turned the tide and saved the worthy brother in distress?

There must of necessity be a limitation of foreign immigration. For some reason, known or unknown, this land for many years has been the dumping ground of the scum of the undesirables from Continental Europe.

God knows I have an open and welcome hand for every true, earnest man or woman who may ever come, or who has ever come, to our shores with a sincere desire to learn our language, sup-

port our religion, abide by our customs and uphold our ideas. But the great God in heaven save us from the man who insists that we make America a Continental Europe, destroy the sanctity of our day of rest, the sacred virtue of our womanhood, and take upon us an allegiance to some foreign power which would forever entangle, and strangle the things for which our forefathers gave the last full measure of their devotion. I would say to such a man, for God's sake go back to Continental Europe and stay there until the cows come home. If I had to live in Continental Europe or in Hell, I would rent out Continental Europe and go and live in Hell.

Now comes Old Whiskers from over the wave. He is just back from Russia, and is as begrizzled as a ground hog. But I want to be fair and hospitable to all, and not knowing his ideals of life, conduct and character I take him to my home and entertain him with courtesy and hospitality of our old-time Kentucky folks, that hospitality that has been extended to me when I have gone back to my boyhood home.

But appreciation and courtesy are two words that were never in his vocabulary. They are not in his dictionary, and he doesn't even know how to spell them. He hasn't been there long until he splutters at me and says, "Why all this Jargon English language?" I answer, "It is our native tongue, the tongue of our fathers and mothers, the language of our nation. It goes with our re-

ligion and our ideals." "Well, you gotta change it." "Well, whose country is this?" "Oh, it is your country all right." "Then you talk your language in your country and we will talk ours in our country."

Then he says, "Why this American Bible, in the homes of everybody. Don't you know you can't understand it?" I answer, "It is God's will to poor sinners, where it goes freedom lives. It is the foundation rock upon which this Republic rests. It is the book on which we make our vows in the lodges, at our family altars, and in our churches. It contains the prescription for human happiness. It is the foundation of immortal literature and art. It teaches us forgiveness—the way of escape from sin, holds within its pages the solution for the riddle of the universe, and is the guide from earth to Heaven. I want my family to read it and we want it in our schools." That corks him for a while.

But he comes back with another question. "Where's all my booze?" I answer, "We poured it into the sewer to feed the fishes and dumped it into the sea." "Well, what the —— did you do that for?" "Because it has been the bone of contention, the sum total of human villianies, the mother of harlots, of abomination and all lies. It cost this nation two billion dollars a year. It killed 160,000 of our men annually. It made 150,000 prostitutes every year—9,000 little babies in one year were smothered to death by their drunk-

en daddies. So we knocked it into hell for keeps, and now just under Old Glory down at Washington, D. C., there floats the white flag of prohibition, which in your day and mine, and in the life of our children's children will never be hauled down. It will be supported and upheld because of the fact that since the Amendment was passed and became a law it was ratified by a three-fourth majority of all the States, because in both Houses there has always been a dry majority, and because of the fact that the business men of this land who now see that the common men have employment, that industry is progressing and prosperous, and that these men spend their wages for food, clothing, furniture and the buying of homes; and in view also of the fact that where the whiskey question has ever been re-submitted it was overwhelmingly voted down. I say again that the saloon is as dead as the institution of slavery."

Then he says: "Where is my harem?" I answer, "We cut that out too." "Well, what did you do that for?" "Listen, it was ruining and damning our homes. There were 500,000 old cases of venereal diseases in New York in one year, and 343,000 new cases, making a total of 843,000 cases. It meant that every other man or woman, boy or girl you met in that city might be thus diseased. It was the chief cause of insanity, of blindness and of cripples, and eighty-four per

cent of the surgical operations performed on women."

"Why don't you stop singing these ——— Jesus songs?" I answer, "They are our mother's songs, the songs of her religion. We love our mothers, their prayers and their songs. They help us big boys to go straight and trot square. Some day we expect to sing them in heaven."

"Why don't you big boobs have a soviet?" I answer, "Why don't we? Just for one reason, and that is because of the fact that in all ages of the world wherever that thing has been tried it has been a hellish failure. It starves millions of children, and if you will go from the Steppes of Russia to the Caspian Sea you will find just one kind of a bird, and that is an old turkey buzzard. Those people are starved, frozen and left to die like dogs or horses in the woods. In the towns their bodies are piled up like cord wood. Do we want our wives ravished, our daughters raped, our business men shot like dogs in the street, our factories burned, our banks and houses robbed, and all Hell turned loose with a reign of terror, that would back the day of Catherine Di Medici and the Tuilleries of France off the board? Not in a thousand years."

"Listen to me, there is a socialist in New York City by the name of Carl Marx. I am told that every Sunday morning in Madison Square Garden he speaks to more thousands of men than are in all the Bible classes of the churches of New

York City on any single Sunday morning. And what does he tell these men? The destruction of the Christian homes, of the unsanctity of the marriage altar, and advocates the immediate establishment of a soviet government. But you say, "Oh, they're just talkin'. They won't bite." You go ask old Bill Haywood and Carl Marx, and Emma Goldman, and the rest of that tribe whether they will bite or not, and see what they tell you, then don't come and say a fool thing like that any more to a man who tries to keep his ear to the ground or to listen to the man on the watch tower."

When Abraham Lincoln had the memorable debate with Stephen A. Douglas, the little giant of old Illinois, and they were arguing the question of the extension of slavery into the new territories, Lincoln said to Douglas. "Now, Steve, if you want rattlesnakes put in your bed, you put them there, live with them and sleep with them, but I don't want them in my bed, and if you put them in there against my will I am sure going to fight you." So, I say, if these people who want a soviet are willing to establish that soviet in a soviet country, let them go there and live with the soviets, but when it comes to setting up a concern of that kind in this country they are going to have the biggest fight that was ever pulled off in the history of the World.

Let me give you some distinguished testimony. When we were prosecuting the World

War, and sending soldiers and supplies to help England and France, who were bled white, Emma Goldman, and folks of the soviet advocacy were slapped into prison and sent to Russia where they could live with their kind, and the people who believed their doctrine, and from that good day to this they have certainly lived in Hell. They have prayed to God from the day they started on ship to this good day of our Lord that some political turn might be taken to restore them to this land, which turn, under God, will never be by my vote. In other words it's a fine doctrine for them to preach, and a good cause for which to collect money from their dupes and sympathizers, but an egregiously miserable failure when it comes to living it out, and living with it.

"What's all these stores closed for?" I answer, "Because God made the world in six days, and rested on the seventh. We need spiritual food for the coming week, we need time to tighten up our bearings in the old engine and to take out the lost motion. Jesus arose from the grave and conquered death and hell on that day. This day belongs to God, and in commemoration of his resurrection on the first day of the week, we rest on Sunday. This day belongs to God and where it is not sacredly kept, civilization dies. Without an observance of God's holy day no Christian civilization can long endure."

"Oh!" says Whiskers, "To the devil with God. I want to sell my goods. I am losing money." I

answer, "You come and go to church with me once." "No, I should say not. Let the church go to the devil. I am going out to the Park to see a game, or to a theater to see a girl show."

In a city where we were recently, a friend of mine told me that a Priest made an address before a Jewish body in which he stated, "We must both stand together. United we stand, divided we fall. You men have the money and we have the vote. Now I suggest the following:—that the best way to break down the morale of the Protestant world is to destroy their Christian Sabbath. I suggest that we have our young men buy many tickets for these said church members and take them on Sundays, when the weather is bad, to shows, dinners and various other events. Then on other days when the weather will permit to take them far out into the country—so far that it would be impossible, in all probability, for a return until after such time as they would have given up the idea of going to any evening service. In time they will become distinterested, discouraged and disgusted with the idea of church attendance and we will have accomplished our purpose."

When Charley Chaplin set sail the last time for France, he told the reporters that he was "Looking for a nice new shentile girl." When his baby was born in the hospital, I am told that he would not go and look at it in its diseased con-

dition, and that it died there, its father having never beheld its face.

Do these things mean anything to you? Does a whole straw stack, and a string of straw stacks have to blow in front of your nose before you can tell which way the wind is blowing?

Is it not a fact that these poor foreign born people with practically no qualifications for motherhood, except a mother love, and yet they bring into this world and rear to manhood and womanhood ten children to an American woman's one? And believe me they do have born in them the idea of conquest. Look down the rows of Government employees, of the Banks of the large cities, and see the foreign names. Many of these men have become good citizens, honest, honorable and God loving. The great majority of them live, move and have their being in the same atmosphere of Continental Europe and this they have set down bodily in this country. Our wives kiss pug dogs, kill their children, and await the day of revolution. If you have any sense and are true American you will see this in time and help save this country from its impending danger.

America should be for Americans first, as any other country should be for its own native people primarily. An inferior cannot govern a superior race and keep from insurrection. Water seeks its level. Oil comes to the top. Blood is thicker than water. Clean white sand is cleaner grit than soap stone. An intelligent, educated, Christian-

ized, one-hundred per cent American must forever lead. American ideals and institutions are safest only in the hands of pure Anglo-Saxon blood.

I was a speaker and dinner guest of the Rotary Club in Birmingham, in the Bessemer district. A fine looking man from Hong Kong, China was asked to speak a while, and said, "My father and mother were in the American Legation to China. I was born in Hong Kong. I love America for the sake of my father and mother, and while I might be considered, in a way, an American citizen, it would not do for me to administer on affairs representing America for in case of decision on my part between America and China, I should certainly cast my vote in favor of China."

I knew a woman who took a little boy to raise and she got him when he was four months old. Nobody seemed to know where his mother was, and the little fellow never knew but what this step-mother was his real mother. But in later life when he found that the mother who had given him birth was living in a far distant state, he forsook his step-mother and left her in want and went to his own mother, though he had never seen her. So with the landing of these foreign born people on our shores, we are face to face with this problem: "Shall we Americanize the foreigner, or shall the foreigner foreignize America?"

Where hundreds of thousands of the foreign speaking people congregate into settlements in large cities never to learn our language, where they read their newspapers in their native tongue, and move Continental Europe into America bodily, trouble surely comes. Look at Chicago, they killed more than a man a day the first ninety days of 1922. In New York they did worse than that. In crime we lead the world.

The church and the state must forever remain apart. Paul, Jesus Christ and the Apostles taught strict obedience to, "Those in authority." They taught men to be content with their wages, to obey the laws of the land, and to pray for the officers of the law, and God knows that every decent, law-abiding and law-enforcing official of this country, from the President down to the town Constable or night-watch have my prayers.

The world tried the unity of Church and State and it plunged mankind into despair. It precipitated the dark ages. Men and women lived in houses that resembled last year's bird's nests, nobody built anything. They would carry in fresh dirt and the boughs of green trees to make another floor and cover up their filth and disease, until they would have to crawl out at the top like musk-rats out of a den on the edge of a lake. Scurvy, cholera, black tongue, black plague, typhus and similar diseases laid them low by the thousands and tens of thousands. The Bible was taken away from the homes of the common peo-

ple. They declined steadily into a darkness and despair that no master hand has since been able to adequately paint. A man who puts his hand twice into the same steel trap, when he knows what it will do, should be put where society won't have to protect itself against him.

The Constitution forever forbids the unity of the Church and State. The President of the United States must be 35 years old, or over. A native free born American citizen, and he is commander-in-chief of the Army and the Navy. The head of Congress and the ruler of the Treasury. No power on earth in this or any other land is to dictate to him. He asks no quarter, and thank God, gives none. Yet we have an element whose sworn allegiance with a terrible oath and penalty, such as no newspaper would dare to publish, is to a foreign power and a promise that where there is allegiance to this land, or to this foreign power, that the allegiance to the foreign power comes first. Can you think of anything more dangerously un-American than that?

When Abraham Lincoln saw Baker sitting on a log and crying, he said, "What's the matter, Baker?" "Oh," he said, "I thought I had a good chance to some day be President of these United States but I find that I am not a native born American citizen and therefore I can never aspire to that office."

Our revolutionary forefathers left their blood-stained footprints on the ground at Valley Forge

to settle this once and for all, then why in God's name do you want to fight it all over again?

The Church of the living God is not, never was, and never can be a political institution. It is the business of the banks to finance, of the railroads to be common carriers, of the schools to educate, but it is the business first, last and all the time of the church of the living God to proclaim salvation. They help in upholding the laws of the land, but they do not make them. They can influence the law-making bodies from a moral standpoint, and that alone. This doctrine of the divine right of Kings is all bunk, and has been shot to pieces forever, and so has their idea that some old bird, with a red nose, a night gown on, and a collar on hind-side before shall tell the world when it can draw its breath. So let's keep it there, and let the people rule.

Free press, free speech and free schools—the Christian's triumvirate. Society is the giving up of something on the part of every one for the benefit of every other. There was a time when it would have been perfectly right to build a reduction plant or a fertilizer house at the corner of State and Adams in Chicago, but that day is passed, "Them days is gone forever." "We can't do it now, if we would, because of the rights of others, and that is why we have weeded out the booze-hoisting, gambling and high-jacking element from our cities, and are still working on the job—because of the fact, I say, that we have to

give up something for the benefit of the other. It is the spirit of acquiescence.

Where freedom of speech, or of the press becomes high treason, and men lose sight of the fortunes of this country and more, then freedom of speech and press lose the good name, and the State has to protect itself against wolves within its own fold, and destructionists within its own border.

There is no institution that was ever more distinctly American than that of the little red school house. There you find no division. Everything and everybody so democratic. Do little children stop to examine clothes, and view their associates from a stand of place and power in the social, religious or financial world? I should say not. It is there that the tender love each for the other is fostered. It is there that you met your first love, and wrote the notes which read "As sure as the vine grows around the stump, you are my darling sugar lump. Roses are red, violets are blue, and sugar is sweet and so are you." It was there that we sang the old-time songs, "Polly put the kettle on, and we'll all take tea; slice your bread and butter fine, slice enough for eight or nine, choose the one you love the best, and buss 'em on the jaw." And then they had another song, that they used to sing when they played "Skip to my Lou" at the candy pull. I can hear it yet, "Can't get a red bird, a blue bird or new, skip to my Lou my darling."

Then came the days of the exhibition at the little log school house, when the little gals, with their hair done up in pig-tails, and the boys whose heads were never combed, would chew the end off of their tongues and say those pieces about "Mary's little Lamb," and "The dog sot down to eat his bone, the cat went out to walk alone, the bell was tingling on the cow, the bird was singing on the bough." Then the parents came to visit the schools, and the children would sing:

"Oh, now should they come,
They'd find all in their places,
With nicely combed hair,
And clean hands and clean faces.
Oh, why should they ever,
See cause to disgrace us,
The parents don't visit the school?
Oh, dear what can the matter be,
Oh, dear what can the matter be,
Oh, dear what can the matter be,
The parents don't visit the school."

Then came the "preachin' day," and the folks would ride over those old hills there in Kentucky, from five to twenty miles in an old ox wagon, or drive a couple of mules or horses, and the kids sat on the boards stuck across the wagon-box and sang all the way to church and all the way back. But from homes like these came Washington, Lee, Lincoln, Garfield, Morse, Bell, Edison and all the rest. If some political party,

church or club wants to start some special school to teach some special doctrine and will pay for it themselves, let them go to it, but as for me and my house we will go to the public school, and to that cause I will give my taxes, heart, hand and life.

We need forever the open English Bible, free to all men. When the Bible was destroyed and the copies of it publicly burned in the street the dark ages came over the land. But when it was brought back and its translation through the efforts of Luther and Cranmer gave it back to the common people, and the inventions of the printing press by John Gutenberg placed it in the hands of the man of the street, there came a renaissance—a new birth of literature and freedom, for in the 16th century there was a revival of literature, in the 17th century there was a revival of art, in the 18th century a revival of patriotism, in the 19th century a revival of invention and scientific discovery, and now in the 20th century we have a revival of religion. Men everywhere are beginning to see and to understand that without God in daily life there is no excuse for living, and are therefore turning back to God who alone holds the prescription for human happiness, and when, Sir, you can point to one single worthy benefaction to mankind during the dark ages, I will concede that point, and call off the dogs.

The foundation rock of this Republic is the English Bible. When the Continental Congress

was in session and dead-locked as never before, Benjamin Franklin, a christian statesman arose and said, "Gentlemen, I suggest that we cause to be read every morning in this Congress a chapter from the Holy Bible, and that prayer be made to the Almighty God for his guidance on our deliberations. It passed immediately and that Congress did more work that day than it ever had done before, and by noon they had signed the Declaration of Independence.

The Bible is the foundation of Education.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and may God bring it back to the public schools. In the State of Pennsylvania there is a law in force which reads, "In every public school in the State of Pennsylvania at the opening of each morning session twelve verses from the Bible shall be read without note or comment, and the Lord's Prayer shall be offered." I hold that our public schools are as sacred as those of Pennsylvania, though a wonderful and great State it is, and that it is as sacred as the Halls of our Congress, and if it is right for Congress and some of the States to read it, it is fitting and proper that it should be read in all of our public schools. I despise doctrinal controversy in the schools, but the plain reading of the Word of God can only do good and not evil, all the days of its life.

It was the Bible that inspired Shakespeare and caused him to quote from it, or allude to it

487 times in his published works. Without the Bible Milton would never have written "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." Without the Bible there would have been no Dante's Inferno. Scott and Matthew Arnold traced their witchery of style to the Bible. It kills the Darwinian theory. As a text book it is scientifically approved, on astronomy it is authority, as it is on history, and it is the finality on the brotherhood of man, and the fatherhood of God. To read its pages will bring men to a better understanding between capital and labor. It teaches law and order, protects innocent womanhood and helpless children and will save the soul.

How then can a man who believes in these things that I have herein mentioned refuse Jesus Christ as his personal Savior? A house divided against itself can never stand.

When a great revival of religion was sweeping through Yale College, and nearly everybody in the country was being converted, a young man stood at the outside of the crowd and looked on. He said to an old gentleman near him, "Dr. Witherspoon, what do you think of this?" Witherspoon answered, "I think it a mere animal excitement, young man." This answer froze every avenue that led to righteousness from this young man's heart. He soon boasted that he did not believe in God, in any system of punishments or rewards, but he boasted that there was not a woman in the community around Yale College that

was not subject to his arts and wiles. In a short time he shot to death the master financier for the early days of this Government; and that young man's name was Aaron Burr.

Now, Sir, it is strictly up to you. Will you take Burr's plan or God's plan? There is no middle ground. A house divided against itself can never stand. Is there not enough for all the ennobling tasks to which a man may never aspire to control the dangers and the menaces that threaten the safety of our homes in this land? May God help you men to support with heart and hands the mighty task that is before us of uniting and keeping united our House under the protecting banner of Old Glory, and over which floats the Love Banner of a Mighty God and a Wonderful Savior.

HOT COALS AND BURNED FEET

A SERMON TO MEN ONLY.

Text: *"Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."*

I am speaking to the proposition, "Can a man walk on hot coals and not burn his feet?" We are now in a history making meeting in this city. Men are receiving the warning of God from Genesis to Revelation through an open Bible, a read Bible and an efficient ministry.

Man is the only animal in the world that seems to have absolutely no sense of self-preservation in his early life. Take a kitten, a pup, a little bird and set them on top of a high pole and they will shrink from danger, but you can take a year old baby and set it in a place of danger and it will jump to its death.

Man is the only one of God's created beings that can speak a descriptive language.

As the masterpiece of God's hand he can fly in the air, invent a telescope or a microscope that will see farther than the eagle's eye. He can write, indite and indent the wonders of literature and art, but that same man will walk into the fire or over a precipice to dissolution.

Has God failed? Didn't he know what he was doing? Why should he put into the heart of

a man such tendencies to sin and then let him be lost for indulging those tendencies? Isn't it possible with these temptations all around him for him to embrace some of them, play with a little fire, just go out with the boys a few times, and suffer no disastrous consequences to himself, or his family, or to society? Can he sow and let others reap? Can he make a few mistakes that are always more or less human and to be expected, and the Lord just suspend the disasters that befall such life and conduct? If in the course of this argument you find that you are walking on a narrow path over a chasm, and are liable at any time to go to destruction; I say if you find that your own hold on the good things of God and a pure life have been sustained only by a thread, or by an eye lash, just by the skin of the teeth, then why not change, and in view of the fact that you cannot predict the day of your death, and that the Lord has asked you to be ready when he comes, have you any other pleasure than to make your preparations now?

Men burn their feet because of a spirit of investigation. They want to see what is in the watch, they turn over every chip that they think has a bug under it.

On the Llano Estacado or Staked Plains in the Southwestern part of the United States men hunt antelope. These antelope are exceedingly wild. They are perhaps the most timid beasts in the world, but the hunters have found out that

they have curiosity. So a hunter will lie down behind a grease wood bush, put a handkerchief on the end of his rifle, and wave it in the air, and then drop it down. The antelope are soon attracted by this and will face about. He waves it again and again, and they come a little closer, and by his skill he lures them to within a hundred yards, when he takes his rifle and kills the leader of the band. So there is the idler, and the innocent bystander who think it is perfectly all right to see what there is in this world anyhow, and they go out with the boys to "be a good fellow."

Now I am going to show you by very distinct and direct testimony what can happen to a man who has that viewpoint. Hi Simpson lived near Terre Haute. He had as fine a farm as a crow ever flew over. One day in August his wife said to him, "Hi, I am going to get your clothes ready, and you take this washpan in the other room and get some of that real estate off of you, and I will drive you into town, and you go up to Terre Haute and attend the fair. You have nearly worked yourself to death here this summer and you never take a vacation, and I am getting tired of you working your life out on this old farm." When he lit in Terre Haute he stood on the corner in front of the Old Terre Haute House, and along came an old friend of his by the name of Riley. I won't tell you his last name, just Riley is enough for you to know. "Well, Hi, what are

you doing up here?" "Oh, Riley, I am just up here to see the fair." "Come and have dinner with me." "Oh no, I just brought some lunch in a shoe box, that the woman fixed for me and I will eat that." "Oh, you old hay seed, throw that box away and let me buy you a good dinner." So Riley took him in and bought his dinner and paid for it, and that afternoon they went out to the fair for a while, and came back and had supper. Then Hi said, "Much obliged Riley, but I am getting sleepy and I am going to bed." Riley said, "Oh, you old hay seed, I bet you never saw a good show in your life. The Roley Poly Girls are down here at the Grand and I am going to take you to see it. Then we will go out and do the town." "I can't do it Riley, I am a deacon in the Baptist Church." "I don't care what you are a deacon in, if you will follow me I will show you a hot foot." "Oh, well," said Hi, "I guess I can chanct it onct." So after the show was over Riley took Hi down to Third and Eagle, where they had a kind of a cafe and meeting place for the tin horn sports of the town. Hi was tight and wouldn't spend anything, and Riley had a good business and was generous with his old school-boy friend. They got a little beer, then they took a glass or two of wine, and Hi protested all the way that he was a deacon in the church, but Riley averred that it "did not make no difference," that "nobody up there knew him that cared, so why not?"

A couple of mighty well dressed women blew in with great big flop Gainsborough hats on, and Riley hailed them over. One of them sat down by old Hi, and the other by Riley. After the night wore on to about one o'clock one woman suggested that they all go for a ride in Riley's car. Hi said, "You ain't talking to me, I always go to bed by seven o'clock and here it is after one, I am goin' home." But when the women made fun of him and told him he was a piker, he said, "Well, I am a deacon in the church, but I guess I can stay out late one night." So they all drove to Brazil, about thirty miles from there, and when they got out of the car Riley walked into the hotel with his woman, and registered as "Mr. and Mrs. Riley." Hi thought, "Well I am a deacon in the church, but I guess I better register as 'Mr. and Mrs. Simpson.'" They assigned them rooms and about three o'clock in the morning this woman with Hi who had a very bad case of heart trouble, died as dead as the very devil. Then old Hi shot out across the hall and beat on Riley's door, and said, "For God's sake, get up quick, I believe this woman of mine is dead." Riley ran in there and said to him, "How did she die?" He said, "I don't know, she just up and died' I am goin' home, I am goin' right now." Riley said, "Go home the devil, you stay right here Bud, you have got a wife to bury." "Wife nothing, you are a liar, I am goin' home; she ain't no wife of mine." Riley says, "If you run

I will shoot you. We have got to square this thing with the hotel, and you keep your mouth shut and let me do the talking." By this time Riley's woman had flown the coop and Hi and Riley went down and explained matters to the night clerk, and while they did that the house detective, plain clothes man, listened in on the conversation, and laid his hand on Hi's shoulder and put both of them under arrest. Hi said, "Brother, you can't arrest me, it won't do, I am a deacon in the church." "Tell that to the Judge," said the detective. So when old Hi was locked up he sat there all night until nine o'clock the next morning praying and crying to God for help and deliverance. The chief heard him and came in and said to him, "Mr. Simpson, if you can bring three reputable witnesses over here to testify to your character, I think we can arrange to let you go." Hi knew he could trust his brother-in-law and the farm hand who worked for Billie, so he called him up on the phone, and said, "Billie, I want you to come over to Brazil right away, come on the afternoon train, there is a big deal on." "Where are you?" said Billie. "I am in Brazil." "Well, what in the devil are you doing in Brazil. I thought you were at the Terre Haute Fair." "Never mind about the fair, come on over, there is a big deal on, and bring Jimmie." Now Hi's wife listened in on that party line, and when Billie hit the train there sat his sister going over to see what the big deal was. Man alive, in a thou-

sand years it is no use to try to keep anything from a woman. Murder will out. When his wife came into the cell-house, she blessed him out for everything from Dan to Beersheba and back to breakfast. "You give me that pistol," she said to the Captain, "And let me kill him right now. He ain't fit to live." "Yes, Captain, give her the gun and let her kill me. God knows I would rather be dead." But the captain never gave her the gun. After he listened to the hottest blessing out he ever heard a man get—they were just tearing up that end of the jail, and both of them bawlin', the Captain came in with a proposition. "Now," he said, "Hi, there is a way for you to get out of this, if you can pay the damage that has been done, and will promise to stay out of Brazil with any more women. Now this undertaker says the funeral expense is going to be about \$450.00, because this woman deserves a nice burial, and the coffin is going to cost that much. He says he will dig the grave and buy a shroud for nothing, if you will pay for the coffin, but she has got to have a nice coffin, and then it won't do to bury your wife, when you are a deacon in the church, without plenty of flowers, so he ordered \$100.00 worth of flowers, and there is \$50.00 for a lot in the cemetery, and \$10.00 for the embalming, and \$10.00 for a preacher, and \$50.00 for hack hire, because it won't do to put a woman like that, the wife of a man who is a deacon in the church, away without a procession to follow her to her

last resting place. Now there are some other items that will run about \$50.00 all told, so if you can produce a check, that is a good one, for the full amount \$720.00, we will just call this thing square, and dismiss you subject to your good behavior around Brazil after this." "Good God," said Hi, "If I ever get out of here I will go so far that it will take a dollars worth of two-cent stamps to bring me a post card." The old woman said, "You better pay it, Hi, and let's go home to the chillern." So they turned them loose and they went down the street a bawlin' and a jawin', with arms around each other, and he was patting her on the hip and promising before God if she would forgive him he would never go to another fair as long as he lived, and to this day they all remember the day they tried Brother Hi Simpson in the Baptist Church for his disorderly conduct, unbecoming a deacon and a christian brother in the work of the Lord, and after his due acknowledgements and godly sorrow that had worked repentance, the church forgave him and let him continue as a deacon, but to this day the watchword of the deacons of that church is, "Look out for county fairs and Brazil." Did he burn his feet?

Sow an oat, reap an oat. Sow a deed, reap a thought. Sow gossip and reap slander. Sow cards and reap gamblers. Sow dance halls and reap floozies. Sow saloons and boot-leggers and

reap drunkards. Sow Hell and reap corruption. Sow to the Spirit and reap life everlasting.

A sad fact is that the horrible consequences of burned feet are soon forgotten by onrushing men. They say, "I will do as I please, it is nobody's business." So they rush back into the fire, as men have always done."

When I was a boy on the farm I went to work for a man at \$12.00 a month. We got up at 4 o'clock every morning and worked until 9 and 10 at night. I was so dead to the world when night would come that nobody had to rock me to get me to sleep. I could go to sleep around a threshing machine, and always went to sleep while hauling wheat to town. But one evening a great storm arose and while at the supper table we saw lightning strike the big barn; it was just between sun down and dark. In a few minutes the barn was a furnace of flames so that nobody could go near it. We finally ran the horses out of the barn, but before we could get the doors closed and get them out of the lot most all of them ran back into the barn and into their stalls, and they lost every horse on the farm, except two or three in the pasture, and an old gray saddle horse that was about 17 years old. And that is the way men do with sin, they see that the whole thing is burning down over their heads and yet they will run right back into the fire. How can you keep such men from being destroyed? Do they burn their feet?

A physician in a town in Indiana said a young man came to him for treatment for a disease that was very pernicious. He said that he wanted to get well as soon as he could for he was going to be married. The doctor, who was a friend of mine, said that he tried to get the young buck to tell him who it was, and he would only answer, "You'll get an invitation when the time comes." And when he got that invitation he was horrified to know that it was one of the most beautiful, accomplished and one of the purest girls in the entire city. He knew if he told the girl's father, that he might lay himself liable to a law suit for slander, and that in any event the girl herself would not believe what had been told her, so he had to let it go. In five months and three days from that time that beautiful girl was laid out in her coffin, and in a week after her burial this young buck was out to seek another victim, and the way he came by that sin and disease was just like you came by yours. He said, "I can do as I please, and take the consequences," but he was a liar, for that didn't bring back an innocent and beautiful girl. Hell is going to be so full of men like that that they will have to take a crow bar and a pull chain to get the lid down so they can hook the latch. Did he burn his feet?

But when you take a chance on sin, and flirt with Hell you throw a boomerang that will come back and hit you with such terrific force that it will break any bone that it strikes.

In Australia there is an instrument known as the boomerang, and it looks like a bent wooden sword. One can throw it with such force as to kill anything that it strikes. Sometimes it will decapitate the object at which it is thrown. If it strikes anything it will go to the ground, but if the boomerang does not strike any material substance, it will arise into the air, make a loop and come back with tremendous force to the man who threw it. And that is what you do when you fool with sin.

Sin is a boomerang to your children. Some men are not fit to be the daddy to a bunch of yellow dogs. They violate every sacred trust and they lay low in the dirt the lives of all the innocent who are around them. God visits such sin on their children's children to the third and fourth generation.

Let me give you some distinguished testimony in support of this contention. I know a man who was a grandfather, drank all the whiskey, and chased all the women that he could find, or get his hands on. His daughter, who was a remarkably nervous woman, (and I always will think that she was buried alive, her cheeks were as rosy as if she had been asleep, her body was not embalmed and she had often been known to lay in a trance for three or four days as if dead; funeral directors have told me of cases like these who were cold and had been pronounced dead, but on later removing their bodies to another graveyard

had found that they had awakened in the grave and turned over and pulled the hair out of one side of their heads). This good woman had a boy who was the living image of his grandfather, and would dring all the liquor you could make out of the Missouri river. One night the father got a telephone call from St. Joseph to come up quick and see about his boy. It was a cold blizzard night after a three-days rain, and he went from saloon to saloon in search of the boy. Finally, one of the saloon keepers said, "I think you will find him out in the back yard." The father went to a near-by grocery store and borrowed an old hatchet and chopped this boy's face and body out of the frozen ground, for he had been in a fuss with somebody who had knocked him in the head, and his body thrown out into the back yard of the saloon as if he had been a dead dog. The father got an undertaker to fix him up and put him in a nice coffin and took this boy home to his wife, who had borne him two little boys, one two years old and the other two months. When the funeral was over this father was asked to sign a saloon petition by a man who was in the saloon business in that little town, and in view of the fact that the law gives a man the right to sign the names of minor heirs on such petitions, and desiring to see the saloon flourish this father gladly signed the names of these two little boys to the support and continuance of the hellish institution that was directly responsible for the

murder of their father. Oh, man, can you beat it? I say, can you beat it? The old grandfather just took a little for his stomachs' sake—he sowed to the wind and his grandson reaped the whirlwind. His wife was left a widow and his two little boys left fatherless, and none of them were left any support. Did he burn his feet?

I say that it is the mother and the children who pay. When my sister, Mrs. Brooks, was with me on the road we were holding a meeting in Nebraska in a Union Tabernacle. We had worked a good deal on a hard-boiled bird, but he was austere and hard to approach. But one day one of the neighbor women who had been waiting on this man's wife, came running in at the back door of our house crying, and said, "Oh, Mrs. Brooks, come over here I want to show you something awful." And she took her over there and showed her a little child that was living and it had places for its eyes but no eyes. It had only one arm and one leg, and it was due to the sins of its father, who had married as pure and lovely a Christian girl as ever grew on the rolling prairies of Nebraska. The father walked on the hot coal, he burnt his feet, he sowed in his generation but reaped it in the life of a little helpless child. Did he burn his feet?

Broken homes and broken lives go hand in hand. Now let me tell you how this works out, and by the time I finish this argument it will begin to dawn on you that sin is terrific.

A young doctor came from the North an honored graduate of one of the finest medical schools in America and located in Mississippi where he built up a tremendous practice as a physician and surgeon. God blessed him in a marvelous way. He was exceedingly successful. As tall and straight as an Indian, musical and was an Apollo for good looks. There was a dark complected girl in that town who was the daughter of a planter, and she was exceedingly attractive and good looking. Her father was a widower, and had a wonderful palatial colonial home, with a large number of servants. He was a very rich man and very kind hearted, but like many other men he had made his mistakes. He held very liberal views on many things, and in his earlier life had quite a tendency toward the doctrine then known as free love. Because of the fine voice and musical education, and the ability to play and sing exquisitely that his only daughter possessed, this planter was glad to have the young doctor an admiring guest of this young lady. He supposed that nothing would come of it, but one night as they sat by the fire the daughter told her father that she and the young surgeon were engaged and would be married the coming June. She saw the pallor of death come over the father's face, and on pressing him to know the cause thereof, he at first refused to tell her, but he finally told her that she might as well know it, and he would leave the future up to her. "Now,"

he said, "You don't know who your mother is. You are not the full sister of my son. Your mother is quadroon, and you are an octaroon, and born of a negro woman." She reached over for his shotgun in the corner to kill herself, but he took it away from her and watched her for a long time for fear she would take her life. She said at first that she would go to this young man and tell him the truth, but the more she thought of it the more madly in love with him she became, and then decided that she would take the chance. She braced herself up and they were married, and to all eyes were apparently very happy. Within the first year of their married life there was born to them in a hospital, a little baby boy, and when it was born all the horrors of her fearful expectations were more than fulfilled—it was a little negro baby, and when grown would have been as black as the ace of spades. When it was born the father did not happen to be there, so that evening she sent the nurse out of the room and got a hatpin out of the nurses hat on a table across the room, and plunged it into the base of the brain of this little baby causing it to die without a struggle, and then she drove the hatpin into her own heart, and thus the story was finished for itself. Now that father was a good hearted man, but he thought he could walk on hot coals and not burn his feet. Did he burn his feet? I will let you answer that.

There is the protection that must be given to

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stool. That's why I say that this two standard is driving this country to perdition.

Do you know when I hear some people tell about how good they are, and when I know how rotten their lives are, it reminds me of the old story that you may have heard, for I heard it when I was a little boy. The niggers were having a big testimony meeting and love feast. One little black, bullet-headed nigger got up, and he had a little white fringe around over his ears, for he was getting pretty old, and he gave this testimony: "Brudderin and Sistern, I'se been a mighty bad nigger in my days. I have slashed other niggers with my razzuh—I has shot craps, played poker, cussed and drunk enough liquor to float a Mississippi River steamboat. I has stole hams, money, chickens, shoes, watermelons. I has shot other niggers with my gun, and I has run around wid other niggers wives, but thank God I has never yet one time lost my religion."

No tears can remove the scars from a man's life. On the body of every man is some scar usually made when he was a boy. That hand or foot may apparently be as well as ever and perhaps as useful, but listen, brother, that scar will go down with you to your grave. It reminds you never to do it again.

An old brother put on his wife's tombstone, "Tears cannot bring you back. Therefore I weep." Another brother put on his wife's tombstone,

"Here lies our Samantha Proctor,
Who caught a cold, and wouldn't doctor.
She could not stay,
She had to go.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

I heard of another brother whose wife died,
and he put on her tombstone,

"Here lies our Arabella Young,
Who on the 21st of May
Begun to hold her tongue."

I heard of another brother whose wife died,
and he put on her tombstone,

"Our Mary Ann has gone to rest,
She sweetly sleeps on Abraham's breast."

And then some wag in town who knew what a
long tongue she had, got a pot of dope and went
out there to that cemetery one dark night and
finished it out, and here was the rest of it.

"Its mighty fine for Mary Ann,
But its awful tough on Abraham."

THE BROKEN HOME.

No man can walk on hot coals and not break
up his home. In every town there is some club,
some gin fizzlin, shimmy shaking society to drag
the young people to the devil under the guise of
respectability.

Now let me show you how this works out. In
a town where I lived, there was a good looking

young woman, the mother of three little children, and her husband was a surgeon in the Army during the World War. He was a wonderful man, but this woman fell for the spirit of the world, the flesh and the devil while her husband was "gone to war," and one day the neighbors woke up to find those children all left alone, and they had been alone for nearly three days, and apparently without anything to eat. Finally some of their relatives in the town chanced to come by, and found that their mother had been gone for the three days, and took the children home. Now, listen, that was four years ago, and she has never been back yet. Her husband came home from the Army when the war was over, and he has a wonderful practice and provides for those little children in a marvelous way, and this woman, their mother, would like very much to come and see them, and that father would see a two foot cake of ice in the middle of Hell before he would ever let her darken that door, or lay her slimy hands on one of those children. Say, Bud, did she burn her feet?

Now I want to say a word about these stray girls. In New York last year the records show that there were about one hundred thousand (100,000) young girls from the ages of 15 to 30 who left their homes to go to town to shop, or in the afternoon to matinees and dropped as completely from the face of God's green earth as if they had been swallowed by an earthquake. In

Chicago, San Francisco and Philadelphia, the percentage is similar. Why this delinquency? Listen, did they burn their feet? Many of those girls were enticed away by rustlers for the house of ill fame, they were offered poisoned fruit, or were handed a glass of water into which a powerful drug had been skillfully dropped, and when they fell sick and were overcome, a cob was called and the administrator of that drug hurried them away to where the dogs will never find them. Now do they bury these girls when their lives are done or send word to their families,—not in ten thousand years, no indeedy—they have a vault or a steel box in the basement of those buildings that are filled with powerful acids, known by the chemical formula such as H_2SO_4 . in plain English Hydro Sulphuric acid, and in some cases they put the body in there and cover it over with lime that has never had a drop of water on it and has never been slacked even by the air, then water is added to that lime and it destroys the last trace of flesh and bone.

When I was in the South holding a meeting I read a remarkable story that was reported all over the Associated Press. It told of a young lady who had gone slumming with a party of her worldly young friends. As she sat drinking beer and some light wines in a resort down by the river her smart aleck young brother chanced to walk in at that same house, and on seeing his sister there was so enraged that he drew his revolv-

er and killed her stone dead. And when I preached on that I told the people that she had just as much right there as he had, and that this two standard business is driving this country to destruction. Listen, did they burn their feet?

Now brother, what are you going to do? You have tried resolutions, and good company, and church attendance, and good books, and the idea of any kind of means so that you could save yourself without any help, but you are barking up the wrong tree. Salvation is not by character, good works or ethical culture, but by the help of God alone. By God's help, and in His strength alone, by His sign which is the sign of the Cross you can conquer.

Bob Ford lived in Maysville, Ky. He told me that he rowed across the Ohio River and got two quarts of old Crow whiskey, went up to his room, carried up a cedar bucket of fresh cistern water, drank some out of the bucket, sat the two bottles of whiskey on a chair by his bed, drank all he could hold and lay down. When he would come to himself so he could raise up, he would drink some more, until every drop of it was gone. He lay there in that bed God only knows how long, but when he finally awakened he arose and went to the water bucket, for he said he was burning to death of thirst and his head felt as big as a washing tub. He picked up that bucket and drank from it until he drank it nearly dry, and then he sat it down and looked into the glass and

said it looked like that his beard was about a week old. He put the lather on his face to shave, stropped his old white bone-handled razor, put that razor to his throat and said, "Now Bob Ford, you are going to get the victory over this stuff now, or your throat is going to be cut from ear to ear. No death could be worse than this, and it is now or never." He stood there until he made up his mind finally and forever to quit, to join the church and live it out. He shaved himself and put on a little powder, put on his good clothes, and as he stepped out of the stairway he walked right into his best girl and then he told her of his new resolution. She only said, "Bob, you have told me that for two years, and every time you say it you get as drunk as a dog again." "Well," he said, "This is the time that I quit." He joined the church that day, and with the help of God he did quit. He stayed quit for two years and they were married. Now he is the Treasurer of the leading church of that town, a furniture man, undertaker and Funeral Director, is honored by all who know him, is the father of a house full of little children, and is as fine a Christian man as you would ever hope to meet. Say Bud, did he burn his feet? Go tell the world he burned them, and to this day that awful fact is a nightmare to him and to his family, but, listen, he reached up out of a dark night of sin and took hold of the helping hand of Christ, and said, "Oh God, if you will just help me I will be faithful to

you, and I will make a man after God's own heart."

Now brother, I offer you the help that God alone can give, a Christ, a wonderful Savior, the only Savior who can reach down out of a dark night of sin and get you and save you, and keep you. Are you willing to trust it, and will you accept my testimony without having to try it out? "For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

DESTRUCTION WITHOUT REMEDY.

Text: Proverbs 29:1. *"He that having been often reproved and hardeneth his heart, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."*

If I should walk down to your seat tonight, shake you by the hand, look you in the eye, and tell you out of my heart that because of your hardness of heart that you suddenly are to be destroyed forever from the face of God, and that without any coming back, or way of escape, would it not floor you? What would you do? What would you say? With all your past behind you, and all the future before you, with heaven's gate forever ajar, where the gates swing outward never, and with the gates of hell broad and wide, which also swing outward never, say, what would you do?

I wonder at the long suffering and kindness of a mighty God, but there comes a time when there is an end to all things. From the day that it was written, "My spirit shall not always strive with man," to this good hour, there has never been a time when the judgments of God were swifter and surer than they are this day.

This text is one more warning note from Heaven. This meeting is God's last effort in this community to save some outstanding business man, some farmer, some laborer, some man in

retired life who clips his coupons, counts his money and is stepping swiftly on to the time when God will ring down the curtain on life's stage, and the players will go off through the last exits, and the lights will be out, and death's darkness will wrap all as Erebus draws in the curtains of the night. So what are you going to do? Will you heed and accept the place that God has prepared for you from the foundations of the world, or will you reject and go like Judas to your own place?

From the time you come into the world to the day that you close your eyes to its changing scenes there are warnings given on every hand. There is the warning against infidelity. Infidelity is a system of denial. It affirms nothing, it denies everything. To make it more evasive in some cases they will say, "We only say we do not know." It will do in some cases to live by, but it will never do to die by. Infidelity has no song. It never wrote a "Hallelujah Chorus." It never penned a sonata. It never swept any Heaven with the sweetest music that ever ravished mortal ears. Infidelity has no school. Nowhere does it erect colleges to teach the denial of faith. It is more subtle than that, more wicked, and undermining. It sends its teachers, and emissaries into the Christian colleges that are supported by the tax-paying Christians, and there casts doubt and discredit on the authorship of the first five books of the Bible, the miracles of Jesus and the au-

thorship and authenticity of the Bible. It sets the leaven in the lump, the yeast in the pan that spreads through the whole barrel of the body politics and the life educational.

There is the warning against disobedience.

God has said it and it is as true today as it was when Adam and Eve walked in the Garden of Eden. God never made a promise and forgot to keep it. Where there was an extenuating circumstance He would give a man another chance, but where there was a positive command from a positive Law that said, "The soul that sinneth it shall die," just that thing came to pass.

There is the warning against the Social Evil.

From the day that God cracked the thunder and lightning over the head of Moses on Mt. Sinai and gave him the ten commandments, the penalty of death has been set in the marrow and bone, in the corpuscles and the protoplasm of every drop of blood in the heart of every sinner and offender.

There came to this country in the early days after the Revolution, a family by the name of Dukes. They had had a criminal history in England before landing here, and due to their marriage and inter-marriage the Court records of this land showed the United States had tried and convicted that family of 721 cases in the criminal courts. Can you imagine therefore the depth of degradation to which prostitution, adultery and kindred crimes will lead a single family?

There is the warning against the Saloon.

"Oh," you say, "The saloon is as dead as slavery," and that is the God's truth if you ever said it, but we have a stripe of cats in this country who will acquiesce on everything but the law of the Eighteenth Amendment, and every once in a while you will hear a tremendous explosion go off, "Ker-mboom-ba-nn-g," and it is another still blowed up. Some old Brother cooking mash in the cellar, some old sister had bought Fleischman's Yeast to make the old man some beer and it got on too big a head of steam and "Fare-thee-well Brother Watkins." "Oh," you say, "Look at the poor men who are killed by bad whiskey, by hair tonic and wood alcohol." But when you take them, just a few hundred of them in the course of a year, who were moral degenerates, for the most part, to start with, and subtract that number from 160,000—the annual death rate of the saloon toll, then you will never say that again. There isn't a man on top of God's dirt today but that knows that no whiskey of this day and time can be guaranteed as far as you can throw a bull by the tail. We have a law against gun totin', against the drug and opium habit, and does anybody want that repealed? We have a law against murder and train robbery, against high-jacking, and rape, and who would want these repealed? Does not this text have the same weight that it did in the days of wise old Solomon, where it said "He that having been often reproved and harden-

eth his heart, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

Dr. Steel lived in Havanna, Ill. He told Buck Kelly, who ran a steamboat on the Illinois river, and had drank whiskey until he was so dropsied that he couldn't walk, "Now, Buck, I am going to tap you and work on you this time, but if you ever get drunk again don't even phone me, it won't be any use." When Buck got well he went back to his steamboat and the old boat hadn't gone a half of mile up the river to Peoria until old Buck got drunk as a lord, soused as a "biled owl," and three sheets in the wind. He was lit up like a headlight coming in on the L. & N. They sent for Dr. Steel and the Doctor did his best but old Buck died in the Doctor's arms. He had been often reprov'd but he hardened his heart and waded into the destruction from which there is no returning.

Down in old Mississippi a Doctor friend of mine raised a young negro around his house, kept him to drive his car, taught him how to be useful to that indispensable angel of mercy, "the country doctor." When this negro boy was about nineteen years old he took typhoid fever. When the doctor heard about it he hurried from his summer home, in Canada, and went back to old Mississippi to save this negro. Nobody but a real southern man can appreciate the tender regard that the people of the south have for their niggers, that have been brought up in their families

and have ministered to their needs through the long years. "Now," said the doctor, "Liza, whatever you do don't you let this nigger have any solid food to eat. If you do it will kill him just as sure as Hell is hot, and a hog is headed for a meat-house." "Yas suh, I don't give that nigger nothin,' 'caze I know how Marse Jim died from eatin' pickles too soon. The way he suffered, the neighbors all cried." But that very night her husband, old Uncle Eph, had made a raid on somebody's watermelon patch and brought in "a great big old yaller and green striped Tom Watson" about the size of a beer keg. It would weigh fifty pounds, and he laid it out in the corner of the grape vines in the moonlight, and this nigger boy saw it. When the old man was gone he crawled out of the window, took the wet sack off that melon, busted it open and ate clear down to the white. He didn't leave rinds a half inch thick, and they couldn't hardly find any of the seeds. He never stopped for anything. He swallowed rind, pulp and all, and by seven o'clock the next morning he was in convulsions, and died that night about nine o'clock. Then the doctor told them all about everything in the almanac and then some, but that didn't assuage their grief and sorrow at the loss of their boy. He was fully reprov'd but hardened his heart and went into a destruction from which there was no returning.

There is the warning of the Old Time Preacher of the faithful servant of God.

One of these preachers went to a man in an audience in a tabernacle down South and asked him to give his heart to God. He turned coldly away from the preacher, but he came back the next night and when the invitation was given this man's little daughter got up on the seat by the side of her daddy, put her arms around his neck and said, "Daddy, are you going to let mama and me fight this out all alone? Won't you come and give your heart to Jesus?" His heart was touched and the tears ran down his face. He was an engineer on the Iron Mountain between Little Rock and Poplar Bluff, and was due out that night, but he said, "No honey, I will go on my run to Poplar Bluff and when I come to meeting tomorrow night if I feel as I do now I may give my heart to God." He went on the engine and started back on the return trip, but he ran into an open bridge that had been burned out by a forest fire, fell into a dark creek, and the water poured out from that boiler and cooked him to death. He had been duly warned and entreated, but had hardened his heart and turned away to destruction without remedy.

An evangelist was holding a meeting in a large town. He had spoken to a young man two nights before about giving his heart to Christ, and the young man sneered and turned away. On the second day therefrom as the evangelist arose from a short nap and saw a funeral procession going by, he said, "Who is dead?" Then the

hostess said to him, "Why brother, don't you remember the young man to whom you spoke night before last, and he turned away with a sneer? He was killed on a delivery wagon, a train hit him." He had been often reproved, had been a subject of prayer in every meeting for many years, but refused and went to destruction from which there was no returning.

Procrastination fills graves, causes millions of dollars in loss to bridges, school houses, public works and the health of the people. If I have a box of chalk and a lantern I could go out here to your graveyard and write down the cause of the death of nine out of ten who are there buried, and never consult a family record, or a doctor's certificate. I would put on the word "Neglect."

When we held a meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, Doctor McClannahan went to a fine business man in the tabernacle and said, "Come on, Houston, and let's go to Jesus Christ." Houston shook his head and said, "Oh, Doc, I guess there is plenty of time yet," and when the Doctor pressed him he said, "Oh don't bother me." We closed the meeting that night and all went home to get our rest. At 11:15, Doctor McClannahan's telephone rang and Houston's wife said, "Come over quick Doctor, Houston is awfully sick." He hopped into a Cadillac car and went at once. When he stepped into the room Houston was up on his hands and knees in the bed, and said, "Doc, I am afraid I made a bad mistake, and as soon as I get

relief and feel better I want you to take me back down there so I can join the church. I say, I am afraid I made a bad mistake." The Doctor promised him that he would. In fifteen minutes this man began to lapse into unconsciousness, and by two-fifteen he was dead, by day light he was laid out on the stretcher, dressed in his Sunday clothes, with a cloth over his face, and a white sheet stretched over his pale form, and his wife told everybody who came to not make the mistake that her husband did, for he had often been re-proved but he hardened his heart.

God reproves us for our disobedience.

I would be afraid to defy my God. His ways are above my ways, and He doeth all things well.

"I do not ask to see the way,
My feet may have to tread,
But only that my soul may feed
Upon the living bread.
I know by faith 'tis better far,
To walk close to His side,
I may not know the way I go,
But oh, I know my Guide."

In western Kansas a man started home from town on a Monday afternoon. His hay was down and he had a lot of things to do before it rained, but the storm came on. As he rode along and whipped up his horse he defied God and would curse and damn, but the storm came on. As he rode into the front yard and through the barn lot he jumped out of the buggy and the horse

went into the driveway under the shed. He saw the chimney go off of the house—and saw the limbs blow off of the trees, and the green fruit rattle down like hail stones on a tin roof. As he backed away toward the house waving his hands and defying God he didn't see that the well box had been blown off of the well, and he fell backwards into the well, which was lined with limestone rock, and sixty-three feet deep. He broke his neck and his back, and as nobody saw him fall in it they never thought to look in that well for his body for four days, and when they did they found his body and fished him out head down.

Of all the men in the world who should have an abiding faith in God it should be a man who works in a dangerous place. I know men who hop trip cars in mines, break wild horses, ride switch engines in freight yards, carry mail in aeroplanes, and do all manner of dangerous work, who have been often reproved for their neglect of God and go on as if they had no heaven to gain, no hell to shun and expected to live forever and a day.

In a rock quarry in California a young man who had a wife and three little children went to work on a Monday morning. A revival was going on in the little town and most of the men were very much interested. The attendance was large and filled the little church every night. This young man had been the subject of prayer for several nights, but he said it was no use to try

because no man could curse and be a Christian, and no man could quarry rock and not curse, and therefore no quarryman could be a Christian. Curse he did, and curse he would. At about half past ten o'clock he drilled out a big section with a steam drill, put in a shot and got ready to touch it off. He pulled his wires 150 yards up the side of a hill, along the edge of a ravine, squatted down behind a grease wood bush, touched those wires together. That shot went off and a little boulder came loose from the rest of the stone, a piece about the size of a croquet ball hit him as straight in the top of the head as if he had been shot by a German sharp shooter with a 30-30 rifle. They carried him home, put him in a Christless shroud, laid him down in a Christless coffin, buried him in a Christless grave and he went without God to a Christless eternity.

The worst of all is that it is without any remedy.

There is no coming back. Dead men tell no tales, the grave is sealed, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and if the world is to be saved so far as Christ is concerned it must be saved by live men on two feet. This is one of the few things for which there can be no remedy. "For if the word spoken by angels proved steadfast, and every sin and transgression received a just recompense of reward, how then shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation, which at first began to be spoken by our Lord Himself,

and was afterwards approved unto us by them that heard him."

A young man was a stationary engineer for a public utilities company, and lived in a little home so befitting his modest means. Every day he walked out to the edge of the town just beyond the city limits, and there was waiting a dear little girl who was the mother of his little children, and who was the keeper of his little home. After dinner was over his wife played the organ and they sang the old-time song,

"Father, keep me near,
For my feet are slipping
O'er the brink.
For I may be nearer
My home today,
Nearer now than I think."

He kissed his wife, she hooked the screen, the baby cried for him. He walked about three blocks, stopped short, came back and said, "Wife, something seems to tell me we ought to sing that verse again, where it says:

"Father, keep me near."

She looked at him with a quizzical smile and said, "All right, let's sing it," and so they did. Then he turned away from that little home that time and went back to this work, he was oiling some of the machinery, caught his hand in a belt and was slapped around on the cement floor one—two—three until he was dead. When his fireman heard the noise he thought the belt was off, ran

in and threw out the power. They carried him home on a stretcher and the first thing his little wife said was, "Now I know why he had me to sing it again."

So I might go on and on to the end of the story, through all life, conduct and character and bring you enough illustrations with which we are all familiar, to fill ten books like this, if I had the time to write them and you had the patience to read them, but with this testimony, which is sufficient, for God has said it and proved it in the lives of men and this text has stood the finality of all things, and that is the law of test. So,

"What more can he say,
Than to you he has said?
To you who for refuge
To Jesus have fled."

With this sufficiency and preponderance of testimony I rest this case, and close my pleadings. The decision is with you. So in view of the fact that you have often been reproved and have hardened your heart, how then can you expect anything else than destruction that is without remedy? There is escape through Jesus Christ our Lord, who giveth us the victory.

TRUSTING IN GOD.

Text: *"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."*

From the beginning of time to the end thereof there can be no success in human life without a human and divine co-partnership. If your life is to become extensive there must be a trust placed in trustworthy men who can do for you what you cannot do for yourself.

Samson played a lone hand and the temple of Dagon fell on him and crushed out his life. Absalom played a lone hand and hanged by a wonderful suit of hair from the low branches of a tree, dragged off of the back of a wild "war struck" mule until Joash rammed his spear thru his heart. Uzzah played a lone hand and touched the ark against the direct command of God, and fell dead on the spot. Jonah played a lone hand and took a free ride with a return trip. Ananias played a lone hand, held out on the Lord and bought a sheet and a grave.

This text has four steps: trust, work, home and the table. We trust in the Lord, do a good work, live at home and have plenty to eat. That satisfies the soul, and feeds the mind, and comforts the body.

There are three stages through which one passes in consideration of this text:

First—What you alone can do.

Second—What God and you can do.

Third—What God alone can do.

The epitome of life is an abiding trust.

The farmer trusts his seed to the ground and believes that it will grow. The traveler trusts the chauffeur, and the engineer and the pilot. People trust their children to the teachers, their bodies to the physicians, their cases to the lawyers. This trust is well founded. We follow the guide and fear no danger. With the aid of the compass and maps a ship setting sail at Liverpool from New York will not go two miles out of the same path over which the other ship before it passed, unless driven by a tidal wave or storm. This is the certainty of faith, and scientific discovery has always aided faith in God and never retarded it. I do not try to explain everything that I find in scientific phenomena.

Two negroes went down the road arguing the providence of God. One said he was "just layin' down on the mercies of the Lord." Just then they looked down the road and saw a big red bull throwing the dirt over his back, and coming like a cyclone. One negro went over one fence and the other negro over the other fence. "Hey dah, Sam, how about laying down on the mercies of the Lord now?" "Huh, you fool nigger, the Bible never said nothin' 'bout old man Carter's bull comin' along."

An old negro sat by the fire burning his last

stick of wood. He said he was praying to the Lord to send him a load of stove wood. "Huh," said a friend of his, "You fool nigger, you will freeze to death too. You change that prayer, and pray to God to send you after a load of stove wood, ef you don't you suttinly will freeze to death."

Now there is the part that you and God work out together.

They labor in vain that build a house except that the Lord build it. I know that God has had his hand in every Church building that has ever been erected in this country, because few of them have had more than enough money to pay for the labor of putting in the foundation. Churches are maintained on faith. The preachers and laymen do all they can and they put it over by the help of God. No church is ever successfully maintained by money alone, members alone, music alone, but "By my spirit" saith the Lord of Hosts.

Revivals are held on a divine partnership. We have the faith, God holds within His hands the results, and suspends the verdict of success or failure until our lives are surrendered to this cause and work. The reason some revivals fail is that they are built on humanity, on outward show and pretense, and that too much is assumed by men, instead of taking God into partnership from the first.

There is no successful soul winning without the divine elements holding full sway. In no oth-

er way are the souls born into the Kingdom. They may be added to the membership but there is an awful difference between the name on the Church Book and a soul whose life and efforts are fully surrendered to God.

Then there is the part that God alone can do. The farmer puts the seed into the ground, but God makes it grow. Over this fact the element of time seems to have no control.

There is a Statesman in this country who is doing more than any single man, for the cause of Jesus Christ. He has been in politics for thirty years, and he is as clean as a hound's tooth, and that man's name is Bill Bryan. Regardless of politics we all have to hand it to BILL. The last time I visited with him was at Winona Assembly and Bible Conference, where we sat up and talked until nearly two o'clock. He told of finding some grains of wheat in an Egyptian Obelisk, which said grains of wheat had in all probability laid there for about three thousand years. He brought them home to his farm in old Nebraska, planted them and they grew like other wheat. Why didn't that germ of life die in all those years? Why did its life outlive one hundred generations of mankind? Because God had his hand on that wheat and kept that life in there. And when God has His hand on a man you need never fear for the immortality of his soul.

God alone can keep the saved.

It is easy for a man to be saved, but to be

saved and kept saved is the condition over which God alone holds the final word. Brother, you have tried resolutions, you have said you would "taper off," you have searched science for help, and been to the Mayo Brothers to see what was physically deficient, in the hope that in remedying that you might restore your moral nature. I have helped carry men to insane asylums, jails, penitentiaries and the Keeley cures. I have seen them write their resolutions for the new year in blood drawn from their own veins, and then break those resolutions before the blood was dry. And after all I would not give one ounce of God's Holy Spirit as a regenerating and keeping power for all the Keeley and gold cures in the world.

God alone can restore the dead and dying.

Do you remember when your little boy was about to die, and the doctors took off their coats and vests, rolled up their sleeves, kept the night-long vigil, and you saw the little fellow struggle and gasp, and you went out into your back yard and threw up your hands and cried aloud, and said, "Oh, Lord, my God, is there no help? And Lord, if you will save my boy I'll be a good Christian man, and never curse any more, nor play any poker, drink any liquor, shoot any craps, fish and hunt on Sunday, nor treat my wife like a dog." And then the boy got better and you forgot all about it, never even darkened the church door, never prayed, nor made any change at all. You trusted God to pull your little boy

through and to keep faith with you, and then you broke the partnership. You took all God would give you and never even thanked him.

There is a time when we must trust God with all our burdens. There was a mother who lived out in the country and she had a little black-haired, curly-headed girl about two years old. She had rocked that child on her lap, sat there in the little chair, looked straight ahead for forty-eight hours, and all that time that child was stone dead, but the mother was so crazed with grief and so stricken down that she wouldn't let a soul in the world touch that child. Finally they sent for an old preacher, and when he came in, he said, "What a wonderful child. Isn't it beautiful? I wonder would you give it to me, and let me rock it for you for a little while?" She gladly gave it to him for he had won her heart. And when she had turned away with her husband from watching the old preacher rock the little child, she walked out into another room and fainted from exhaustion. After she came to herself the little child had been prepared for the grave and was put into its little coffin. So Jesus comes to us in our terror stricken condition. We have gone the limit with our burden and there is no one on earth to whom we can further trust our sorrows. So Jesus comes and we hear the statement, "Cast all your cares upon Him, and He will sustain you." So when we learn to surrender our

burdens and lay them at the feet of Jesus, life goes much better.

We must trust God from day to day.

When I was first converted I used to ask God to help me a whole year at a time, then I cut it to a month, then to a week, then to a day, and now I just ask him to help me from evening until morning and from morning until evening. I like it better. It seems a little nearer, as does the community store where we can run in and get what we want for our tables on short notice without having to run to the city.

There is a glorious Methodist preacher in old Illinois, by the name of Jesse Murrell. He is a dear friend of mine from old Kentucky. One day we were invited to the home of old Sister Stephens. When we got there she reminded us that she was a widow, and that her husband was long dead, and she was depending on such help as would be sent her by her son, only one of which ever thought to send anything. Once in two or three months she would get \$5.00 from one of her boys, she would give one-tenth of it to the church, and the rest she would use just to buy food. On the day we came we found that she had taken the last 50 cents that she had and bought steak with which to make a meal for my brother Bob, Bro. Murrell and myself. She made gravy, corn bread, hot biscuits, milked the cow, churned, and made **some coffee**. I never enjoyed a better meal. Then Brother Murrell said, "Sister Stephens, now that

you have put all you had into this dinner, what are you going to do for your next meal?" "Oh," she said with a happy smile on her face, "Since Jamie, my husband, has died I just live on faith and trust in God for what I cannot provide for myself." Her faith was rewarded that night for a man whose heart was touched sent her a twenty dollar gold certificate by special delivery letter.

It is a wonderful thing to speculate on the Lord.

An Evangelist recently went to California, Pa., to hold a Union Meeting. He had been sick at home for two months, but he borrowed enough money to get to the town to begin his meeting. When he landed there on Saturday night he had \$2.32 in his pockets, which was all the money he had in the world as his wife had given him all she had before he left home, to pay expenses, and they got their groceries on a credit, until her husband could get something for his work and send some money home. From the sale of his books of Sermons he saved up enough money to send some home to pay on the grocery bill, and he gave an old Scotch woman by the name of Stevenson a check for \$50.00, as she was being paid only \$5.00 a month by the Red Cross, who contributed to her support. She was old and helpless and had a bad heart. But when the people brought their offerings to the Methodist Church on the last Sunday he had received about \$2,000.00 in appreciation of the revival. So it pays to trust God.

And when men go on faith, that faith is somehow, sometime rewarded.

Have you come to the time in your life that you have laid all on the altar for Jesus' sake? That is the final test of a surrendered life. Down in Texas one morning a little church had been completed and was being dedicated. All of the indebtedness had been raised and provided for with cash and notes, with the exception of five thousand dollars (\$5,000.00). The pastor asked the people to go home, get down on their knees and pray to God to show the way out. That night when they came to church there was one man who had the solution. Nobody else had it. He was the poorest man in the church, but he was the spiritual life of the church. Uncle John Thomas arose and said in his quiet and fervent way, "Brethren, Sallie and I have prayed through on this matter. We have \$500.00 in the bank and we will give that. The cotton crop looks pretty good and if the price keeps up reasonably well, I will get enough out of that to pay the grocery bill and get through the winter. Now we have a little house down here where we live, and its all paid for, and we were offered \$4,500 for it about two weeks ago, and it is all we have in the world; but we can rent a little house out here by the patch of ground that I am farming and get it for \$10.00 a month, and the cotton crop, for my part, will pay rent and the grocery bill too. I can gather drift wood out of the river and dry it and we will have

something to burn through the winter, and Sallie and me won't need no clothes 'cause we ain't in society any more, and anyhow we are getting old and won't need a house here much longer for some of these days Sallie and me are going home to live with God forever, where there will be no sickness, no sighing, no crying, no dying, caught up with the Lord forever in Glory. Now if that brother who offered me the \$4,500.00 will take the house at that now, Sallie and me will just give it all to the church, and you can tell the Bishop that this church is dedicated tonight free from debt." And that is what men will do for the sake of Jesus Christ when all is laid on the altar.

We letarn to trust God on the frontiers of life as we can no other place ever trust him. William Green, 76 years old, slight of build and about 5 foot 8, with hair and closely cropped beard as white as snow, sat in a home in Texas on as bright a June day as Texas ever saw, and told me one of the most wonderful stories of abiding faith in God that I ever heard in all of my life. He said, "Brother Fife, I took my wife and nine children at the close of the Civil War to Colony, Kan. We lived in a sod house. Then we moved from there and took up a claim 75 miles northwest of that little town and lived in a sod house for awhile and later built a box house on the side of a hill just over the edge in a little canyon. One December night, one of the greatst snows I ever saw fell on those Kansas plains. We have

nothing left in a little while but a two bushel sack of shelled corn. We had some skunk oil made by frying out the fat skunks, and which was odorless, by the way. Our cows were about out of feed and were giving about a pint a day. My wife was so poor that she had no nurse for the baby, and we saved all that cow's milk for the baby. We drank black coffee without any sugar or cream, until the coffee gave out. We hadn't had any meat in the house for weeks, and one of the children said, 'Pa, God says in the Bible to trust in the Lord and do good, and so shalt thou ever dwell in the land, and verily shalt thou be fed.' Do you believe that, Pa?" I told him that I did with all of my heart. 'Well,' he said, 'let's trust him and set a rabbit trap and see if we can't ketch one.' We caught a rabbit—a little prairie rabbit, just a little bunny, every night in a figure four (4) trap for twenty-seven nights. Mother parched the corn and each one had a few grains and a piece of this rabbit. When the Chinook winds took away the snow I started for the trading post seventy-five (75) miles away, in an old-time prairie schooner wagon. I had a good team of oxen who were broke only to drive, but they were in pretty fair condition and they made good time the first day away from home. I went alone for I feared that I might perish on the journey and desired to protect my family from the horrors of such a trip. That night the biggest snow fell, and the worst blizzard raged I think I ever saw. I took the

team loose from the wagon, tied them behind to the wheels, out of the wind, crawled into the wagon and went to sleep. All night long those oxen see-sawed on their ropes until the steel tires cut the ropes and released them. When I felt them no longer rocking the wagon I prayed to God and said, "Oh, God what will I do?" The next morning the earth was cold and white, and more than a foot of snow on the level, but not an oxen as far as the eye could reach could be seen. I asked God to help me, and knew that they had gone with the wind. I put a quart of parched corn into my pocket, took a pot the size of a small tin coffee pot filled with skunk oil, and started walking in the direction I supposed the wind had drifted my team. I walked until I thought I would fall dead in the snow. My heart beat like a trip hammer; the ligaments in my legs seemed that they would be pulled out by the roots, but I would stop and pray to God. I didn't dare kneel down to pray for I knew if I did I could never arise again. I would stop and take another swallow of the skunk oil and eat a few grains of the corn. I hoped and prayed that the next hill would bring me in sight of my cattle. Finally about 4 o'clock that evening after struggling through the snow all day I saw those patient oxen standing motionless and watching me come over the hill. I beckoned to them with my hands and they started walking toward me. They came on until they stopped about thirty yards from where I was standing and call-

ing. Had they not come I believe I should never have made it to them. I walked up to the side of the off ox and wondered if he would let me ride him, for no human had ever been on his back before. He stood as still as death and I pulled myself over his back. I guided him with my hands, and slapped him on the flanks and he started back toward the wagon. Some time that night, I never knew how or when, we pulled up by the side of that old schooner. I got off and tied them, crawled into the wagon and went to sleep, and the next morning a Chinook wind began to take away the snow. I went to the trading station, fed the oxen and rested them and myself, loaded up with flour, becon, sugar, coffee and navy beans, two bolts of calico for dresses and a bolt of bed ticking for underwear for the children, and then I started home. When I got home they were all having family prayer, and this had been their custom morning and night every day that I had been gone. The heavier and the greater the storm, the longer they prayed. So Brother, I knew then and understood what it meant to trust God on the frontiers of life, to dwell in the land, and verily to be fed."

As I sat there that June day and listened to that sweet and pathetic story of abiding faith in God, I got out my handkerchief and would wipe my eyes and blow my nose and say, "Thank God," and "Praise the Lord," and from that day I began

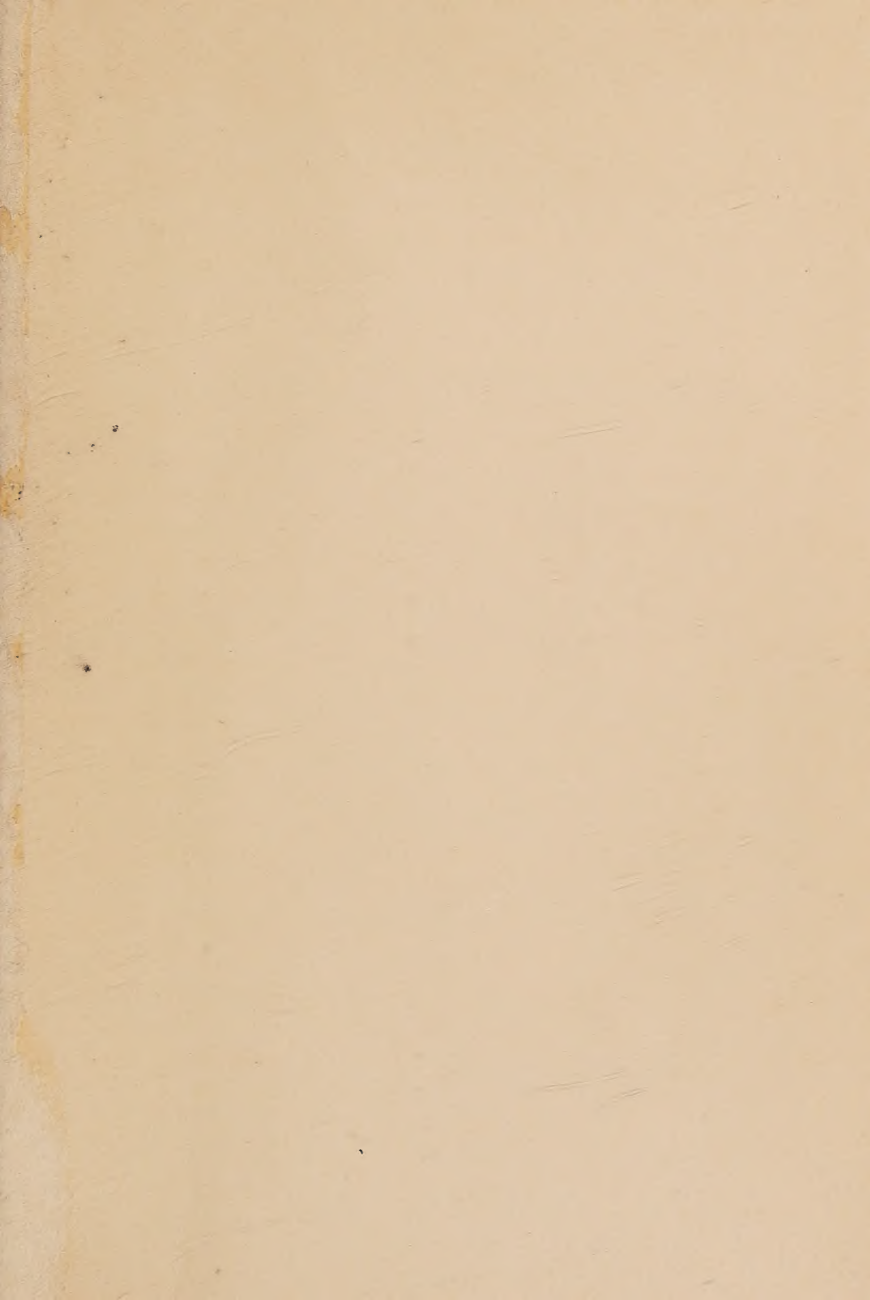
a surrendered life of trust and faith to whatever I believed that God would like to have me do.

Respect for God brings loving trust and confidence.

In my native southland on a lovely plantation grew as fair a flower as ever bloomed in the home of any loving father and mother. This young girl was seventeen years old when she came home from school, her hair was as yellow as gold, and her eyes had those liquid blue depths of the deep blue sea. She was courted and wooed and won by a tall, straight, black haired young southerner who rode with ease and grace of a Chesterfield, and oh, such saddle horses as they did have. When the fortunes of War called him, the day of the wedding was set and he was to return to claim his bride, and then go on at the head of his Command. And when the wedding day dawned bright and clear, and the old negro servant came to the door and tapped lightly and said, "Mis Matilda, time you all is gettin' up if you is goin' to get married today. Jes a beautiful day." And as the old servant turned away, the young girl looked out of the window into the glorious sunshine and then over to the dress she was to wear, and she said, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." By ten o'clock the guests began to arrive, and she went to her room and put on her wonderful gown. Eleven o'clock came and the parson arrived, but no lover. Eleven-thirty came and the best-man arrived, but no lover. Twelve came

and everybody was disturbed beyond measure. The guests buzzed like bees, but no lover. The mother went to her daughter and said, "What on earth can be keeping him?" She said in her quiet way, "Mother, I don't know, but he is my lover, and he is true, and he will come some time." Two o'clock came—night-fall came and no lover. The next day at the noonhour she donned that gown again, but no lover. Each day at noon she put it on and sat by the upstairs window across from a fire-place in her room and waited, ever on and on for his return. Finally after thirty-two days he rode in on a wonderful horse with black flowing mane and tail, in all the glory of a Prince in the day when Knighthood was in Flower. Nobody saw him arrive but her, and when she went to the door she put her frail white arms around his neck and said, "Oh, dear, I knew that you would come. I have dressed every day for thirty-two days and the folks all said I was crazy, but I knew that you would come, for I trust you. I never will cease to trust you through life, through death, through all eternity."

Oh say, have you an abiding faith and a trust in God like that? And that is the kind of faith that we are to have in the Heavenly Father who says, "Trust in the Lord and do good, and so shalt thou ever dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."



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